

The Constellation.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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MISCELLANY.

THE ALHAMBRA.

Palace of beauty where the Moorish lord,
King of the bow, the bridle, and the sword,
Sat like a genie in the diamond's blaze,
Oh! to have seen thee in the ancient days!
When at the morning gates the coursers stood,
The "Thousand" milk-white Yemen's fiery blood,
In pearl and ruby harness'd for the king.
And through thy portals poured the gorgeous blood
Of jewell'd Sheik and Emir, hastening
Before the sky her dawning purple shew'd,
Their turbans at the caliph's feet to fling.

Lovely the morn, thine evening lovelier still,
When at the wakening of the first blue star
That trembled on the Atalaya hill,
The splendour of the trumpet's voice arose,
Brilliant and bold, and yet no sound of war;
It summoned all thy beauty from repose;
The shaded slumber of the burning noon.
Then in the slant sun all thy fountains shone,
Shooting the sparkling column from the vase
Of crystal cool, and falling in a haze
Of rainbow hues on floors of porphyry;
And the rich bordering beds of every bloom
That breathes to African or Indian sky,
Carnation, tuberose, thick anemone,
Pure lily that its virgin head low wav'd
Beneath the fountain drops, yet still would come,
Like hearts by love and destiny enslaved,
That see and shrink, and yet will seek their doom.
Then was the harping of the minstrel heard
In the deep arbours, or the regal hall,
Hushing the tumult of the festival.
When the pale bard his kindling eyeball reard,
And told of Eastern glories, silken hosts,
Towered elephants, and chiefs in topaz armed;
Or of the myriads from the cloudy coasts
Of the far Western Sea, the sons of blood,
The iron men of tournament and feud,
To round the bulwarks of their fathers swarm'd,
Doom'd by the Moslem scymetar to fall,
Till the red cross was hurl'd from Salem's walls.

Where are thy pomp, Alhambra, earthly sun,
That had no rivalry—no second? Gone.—
Thy glory down the arch of time has rolled,
Like the great day-star to the ocean dim,
The billows of the ages o'er thee swim,
Gloomy and fathomless: thy tale is told!
Where is thy horn of battle, that but blown,
Brought every chief of Afric from his throne,
Brought every spear of Afric from the wall,
Brought every charger barbed from the stall,
Till all its tribes sat mounted on the shore,
Waiting the waving of thy torch to pour
The living deluge on the fields of Spain.
Queen of Earth's loveliness, there was a stain
Upon thy brow, the stain of guilt and gore;
Thy course was bright, bold, treacherous—and 'tis o'er.
The spear and diadem are from thee gone;
Silence is now sole monarch on thy throne.

Rec. G. Croly's "Sebastian."

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

BROWN STOUR.—Barford, the friend of Moody the actor, was a very worthy, good-humoured man. He was, I believe, an upholsterer by profession, and an agent for some liquor company, whose interests he supported with great zeal and activity. He was in great intimacy with a gentleman of large fortune who had retired from business. This gentleman liked Barford as a companion, and used frequently to give him an airing in his carriage, but when he had occasion to call on a friend, he would not permit Barford to alight with him, lest he should take the opportunity of pressing the interest of the liquor company. At one of these

visits, while Barford remained in the carriage, he stretched himself frequently through the window, for the purpose of attracting the notice of the gentleman of the house, who at length came forth, and requested Barford to enter. The latter, however, knew that by so doing he should displease the friend whom he accompanied, and therefore declined the invitation. Barford continued to stretch forward as before, and drew out the gentlemen of the house again, who then said, if he would not alight, he would probably take some refreshment. Barford readily assented, and reflecting upon what the gentleman was least likely to have in the cellar, requested a glass of brown stout. The gentleman expressed his regret that, though he was provided with most other liquors, he did not happen to have any brown stout. "No brown stout!" said Barford, with affected astonishment, finding he had effected his purpose; "Sir, if you will give me an order, I will send you any quantity of the best in England." Barford's success in many overtures of the same kind tempted him to persevere, and he was thus essentially useful to the company of which he was the agent—*Taylor's "Records of my Life."*

FLOWERS.

The flowers are nature's jewels, with whose wealth
She decks her summer beauty—primrose sweet,
With blossoms of pure gold: enchanting rose,
Which, like a virgin queen, salutes the sun,
Dew-diadem'd; the perfumed pink, that studs
The earth with clustering ruby; Hyacinth,
The hue of Venus' tresses; myrtle green,
Which maidens think a charm for constant love,
And give night kisses to it, and so dream;
Fair lily! woman's emblem, oft twined
Round bosoms, where its silver is unseen,
Such is their whiteness;—downcast violet,
Turning away its sweet head from the wind,
As she her delicate and startled ear
From passion's tale!—

ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF WINES.—Our mountain wines are brought from the mountains around Malaga; Muxadine, or Muscadel, is a French wine, chiefly produced in Provence and Languedoc; Port derives its name from Oporto or Porto, a handsome town in Portugal; Hock or Hockamore, is mostly made in Hockheim, or Hockham, a village not far from the city of Mentz, on the Rhine; Tint is tinted, or red wine; Sherry is derived from Xeres, situated in the south of Spain; Malmsey comes from Malvasia, in Peloponnesus. This wine was afterwards produced at Alicant, the Canaries, and Madeira; Sack is a corruption of *sec*, signifying dry, the wine being made from half-dried grapes; it is mostly brought from the Madeira Island, and from Palma, one of the Canaries; Claret, pale red, is a name given by the French to wines of a clear, transparent colour; Shiraz is so named from Schiras, or Schiraz, a city of Persia, called the Athens of Persia; Tokay is brought from a town in Upper Hungary of the same name.—*Vide Walpoliana.*

PROVERBS.—There are, perhaps, about twenty thousand proverbs among the nations of Europe; many of these have spread in their common intercourse; many are borrowed from the ancients, chiefly the Greeks, who themselves largely took them from the Eastern nations. Our own proverbs are too often deficient in that elegance and ingenuity which are often found in the Spanish and the Italian. Proverbs frequently enliven conversation, or enter into the business of life in those countries, without any feeling of vulgarity being associated with them; they are too numerous, too witty, and too wise, to cease to please by their poignancy and their aptitude.—*Curios Lit.*

EASTERN SKETCH.—I remember, as I rode on this day, I observed a Turkish sheik in his entirely green vestments, a scribe with his writing materials in his girdle, an ambulatory physician and his boy. I gazed about me with a mingled feeling of delight and wonder.—Suddenly a strange, wild uncouth drum is heard, at the end of the street, a huge camel, with a slave sitting cross-legged on its neck, and playing upon an immense kettle-drum, appears, and is the first of an apparently interminable procession of his Arabian brethren. The camels were very large, they moved slowly and were many in number. There were not less than a hundred moving on one by one. To me who had then never seen a caravan, it was a novel and impressive spectacle. All immediately

bustled out of the way of the procession, and seemed to shrink under the sound of the wild drum.—The camels bore corn for the vizier's troops encamped without the walls.—*Contarini Fleming.*

DRESSING ROOMS OF ACTRESSES.—There were no English actresses on our stage until subsequent to the Restoration; but very soon after that event their dressing rooms at the theatre were so crowded with visitors that it was found necessary to issue a general order to prevent the inconvenience. This order proceeded from the King himself, who was perhaps a little jealous of the privilege: it is preserved in the State-Paper Office in the following terms:

CHARLES, R.

Whereas, complaint hath been made unto us of great disorders in the attire-house of the theatre of our dearest brother the Duke of York, under the government of our trusty and well-beloved Sir W. Davenant, by the resort of persons thither, to the hindrance of the actors, and interruption of the scenes: Our will and pleasure is, that no person of what quality soever, do presume to enter at the door of the attire house, but such only as do belong to the company and are employed by them. Requiring the guards attending there, and all whom it may concern, to see that obedience be given hereunto, and that the names of offenders be sent to us.

Dated 25th Feb. 1664.—*Lit. Gaz.*

THE TABLE OF LIGHT.—The Mussulmans believe, that every thing which is to happen, to the end of the world, is written on a table of light called *Lou*, with a pen of fire called *Calum-azer*; and the writing is named *Caza*, that is the inevitable predestination.—*Mirabeau's Letters.*

GRAY.—When I visited Cambridge more than fifty years ago, I made a point to see the rooms in which the poet last lived and died. Dr. Browne, the master who had enjoyed Gray's friendship, very kindly showed them to me. Dr. Turner also, afterwards Dean of Norwich, was very civil to me: as to Prettyman, he carried himself as usual, with his cold and vulgar haughtiness, and thought it very strange that I could feel such an interest about "a tagger of a few rhymes!" Pitt had not long before quitted the college, and was beginning to emerge into fame; and all the college was engrossed and dazzled with the rising sun. When I spoke to them with enthusiasm about Spenser, as educated within their walls, it was a name to which they paid very little attention; and one of them told me with a significant shrug, that he thought the Faery Queen only fit for the nursery. This recalled to me Gray's Fragment of a Hymn to Ignorance. Gray received so little flattery or distinction in the University, that he was not to the last at all aware of his own fame in the world. The Cambridge habits of study were so alien to poetry, that neither the dons, the fellows, nor the scholars, ever spoke or thought of Gray. Dr. Browne and Dr. Turner valued him as a friend, but did not seem very sensible to his poetical genius.—*Clarer's Autobiography.*

PADUA.—This city is the paradise of the *Far-niente*, the original Castle of Indolence, the Palace of Slumber; the soft, silent, somnolent down bed of Italy. The air itself slumbers, the grape gatherers nod on the vines, the mules tread as if they were shod with felt; and though Padua produces no longer the silk and velvet that once made her name memorable to the ends of the earth, the genius of them both is in every thing. All is silky, smooth, and gravely superb. A drowsy population yawns through life in a drowsy city, taught the art of doing nothing by a drowsy university. The old glories of Paduan science are gone to sleep; her thousand doctors, once shedding wisdom into her myriads of students, have sunk down into shudders of poppies, a few innocent old lingers among the shelves of her mighty libraries, dry as her dust, silent as their authors, and not half so active as the moths that revel in their sultry sunshine. Life creeps away in eating grapes and drinking the worst wine in the world; in having the *Malaria* fever in summer, and the pleurisy in winter; in sitting under the shade of sunburnt trees that mock the eye with the look of verdure, and fall into dust at a touch; and in blackening the visage over wood fires that make man the rival, in odour, colour, and countenance of the boar's ham that hangs in his chimney.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

MYSTERY OF THE ANCIENTS.—Amongst the ancient Etruscans, every thing in religion and politics was emblematical. They thought the earth only the representative or mirror of heaven. The year, the gods—every thing in fact, had a triple name; the evil, or common, the sacerdotal, and the mysterious or occult—a secret which none dare pronounce or utter. This custom is found in the triple name of Rome, of which Pliny speaks, the mysterious name of this mistress of the world was *Amor* (Love); its sacerdotal name, *Flora* or *Anthusa*; and its civil name *Roma*.

VOLTAIRE.—"Mentioning Voltaire, I may as well relate in this place a circumstance communicated to me by Monsey, upon what he deemed good authority, that Voltaire being invited to dine with a lady of quality while he was in London, to meet some persons of distinction, waited upon the lady an hour or two earlier than the time appointed. The lady apologized for the necessity of leaving him, as she had visits to pay, but begged he would amuse himself with the books in the room, promising to return very soon. After the party broke up, having occasion to refer to her *escrioir*, she evidently found that it had been opened in her absence, and though nothing had been taken away, her papers were obviously not in the same order as when she left them. She inquired anxiously who had been in the room, and was assured nobody but Voltaire, who had remained there till she returned home. As Voltaire was destitute of all religious principles, it is not wonderful that he was equally devoid of all moral delicacy."—*Taylor.*

SUPERB PALACE AT ISPANAH.

The *Chehel Setoon*, or Palace of Forty Pillars, was the favorite residence of the latter Sefi kings; and certainly, when we turned into the grand avenue, and the palace broke upon us, I thought description was put to silence. Indeed, words can seldom give any thing like a just idea of very intricate objects of sight; but, for the satisfaction of my readers, curious in comparing the taste of times and countries, I shall attempt some detail of this Persian Versailles. The exhaustless profusion of its splendid materials, reflected, not merely their own golden or chrysal lights on each other, but all the variegated colors of the garden; so that the whole surface seemed formed of polished silver and mother-of-pearl, set with precious stones. In short the scene might well have appeared an Eastern poet's dream, or some magic vision, in the wonderful tales of an Arabian night. When we drew near, I found the entire front of the building open to the garden; the roof being sustained by a double range of columns, the height of which measured eleven Persian yards, (a Persian yard being forty-four inches,) hence they rose upwards of forty feet. Each column shoots up from the united backs of four lions, of white marble; and the shafts of the columns, rising from these extraordinary bases, were covered with arabesque patterns and foliage, in looking-glass, gilding, and painting; some twisting spirally; others winding in golden wreaths, and running into lozenges, stars, connecting circles, and I know not what intricacies of fancy and ingenious workmanship. The ceiling was equally iris-hued, with flowers, fruits, birds, butterflies, and even couching tigers, in gold, silver, and painting, amidst hundreds of intermingling compartments of glittering mirror. At some distance, within this open chamber, are two more pillars of similar taste to the range; and from their capitals springs a spacious arch, forming the entrance to a vast interior saloon, in which all the caprices, labors, and cost of Eastern magnificence, have been lavished to an incredible prodigality. The pillars, the walls, the ceiling, might be a study for ages, for designers in these gorgeous labyrinthine ornaments. The floors of both apartments were covered with the richest carpets, of the era in which the building was constructed, the age of Shah Abbas, and were as fresh as if just laid down; there needs no other proof of the purity of the climate. From one angle of the interior chamber, two low folding-doors opened into a very spacious and lofty hall, the sides of which were hung with pictures of various dimensions, most of them descriptive of convivial scenes; and the doors and panels of the room near the floor, being also emblazoned with the same merry-making subjects, fully declared the purpose of the place. But a very odd addition was made to the ornaments of the wall. Little recesses spotted its lower range, taking the shapes of bottles, flagons, goblets, and other useful vessels, all equally indispensable in those days, at a Persian feast; very different from the temperance which now presides there; and how directly the reverse of the abstemiousness and its effects, that marked the board of the great Cyrus!—*Sir R. K. Porter's Travels.*

THE CONSTELLATION.

THE LOVE OF FAME.

By Mrs. Norton.

Give dear one, god! my grief shall sleep
Till thou, the cause, art far away;
Since I might make their pause and woe,
But have no power to bid them stay,
God win the Fane whose visions oracle
Have tempted that young heart to game,
And learn how ill its meagre light
Can match the sunbeams of thy home.

Ah! then, when all is woe, which now
Brings in the darkness tempest thy soul;
When triumph crowns thy laurelled brow,
And banishes forebodings of the gloom—
Then shall the secret pang be known,
While shouts the applauding echoes fill,
To turn thee from the sun with a groan,
At last thy heart is weary still.

Then, makes the restless strife, to keep
What useless striving hath obtained,
With doubts across thy soul shall sweep,
And tell how little that hast gained—
The sleepless nights—the heavy days—
The consciousness of all to come—
Desire and weariness of praise—
Are these—oh! are they worthy thy home?

Oh! shall then turn, and only sigh
For sin, is joys, despised before;
The quiet peace of years gone by,
The loss, the happiness of yore,
Oh! shall that pine for words whose breath
Starts sturdier summer tides of youth;
And yearn to banner glory's wreath
For one heart's long forgotten truth!

Unfeigned thy soul shall rove,
And warm with fancy's fickle glow;
Now ever unfeignedly above—
Now, passion-fettered, sink below.
And thou shalt waste thy life in sighs,
Unto serve or to command,
With hopes that wither as they rise,
Like verdure on the desert sand!

TEN HOURS AT THE CASTLE OF HAM.

"Gratuit" made me visit the hermits Jouy and Jay when prisoners at St. Pelagie—Messrs. Berenger and Cauchois-Lemaire, when captives at La Force—M. de Genoude and my friend Marrast when in political confinement—M. de Chateaubriand when at the Prefecture de Police;—and the same feeling led me to the Castle of Ham.

Count Peyronnet had sent from his prison more than one contribution to the Book of the Hundred and One;—he had lent it the aid of his name and powerful talents, and I was anxious to assure him in person how highly I appreciated his kindness. But it was necessary to obtain access to him, and prisons are not so easily penetrated as palaces.

I had need, for this purpose, of a written permission from the Minister of the Interior and the Minister of War. It is true that such permission was obtained in much less time than a passport from the Prefecture de Police. Having secured these indispensable documents, I arrived without accident at my journey's end, where, on stepping out of the diligence, a gendarme asked for my passport. Having examined it, he directed me to the Rue Tournoyante, being the street inhabited by Madame de Perpigna, Count Peyronnet's sister, at whose house, according to the Count's instructions, I was to call. I found this lady, who formerly did the honours of the drawing rooms at the Chancery when the Count was Minister, dwelling in a small and humble, but neat house, and from the seclusion in which she lived, almost as much a prisoner as her brother. But in her misfortune has not altered the vivacity of a beaming and intellectual countenance, nor the charm of a mild gravity calculated to render a prison supportable to him who is never to leave it.

I had still other forms to observe before I entered the sanctuary of misfortune. I had to appear before the Commissary of Police. This functionary received me with politeness and attention, and I remembered having met him at Paris. He countersigned my permission, and I forthwith proceeded to the Castle.

In crossing a public square, the apartments inhabited by Madame de Guernon-Ranville were pointed out to me. On reaching the esplanade, I saw a lovely family wending their way, like me, towards the Castle. These were the Princess of Polignac and her children.

Having passed two enclosures, each defended by a drawbridge, we came to a heavy gate, the key of which a sentinel always holds in his hand. He said to me, "Make yourself known to the Concierge." M. Renard, a non-commissioned officer, who has worn the cross of the legion of honour more than twenty years, served as my guide to the house of the commandant, M. Delpire.

This officer, who has the art of making the rigorous precautions he is bound to take, disappear under the delicate attentions he pays to his unhappy prisoners, was occupied in painting. He was in an apartment more like the studio of an artist than the room of an artillery officer. Among numerous pictures of homely life, I remarked one upon the easel; it represented the Chateau de Montferrand, the seat of Count Peyronnet. I presume that this painting was intended by the worthy Commandant to produce an agreeable surprise in his noble prisoner, to whom it was to be presented; and this supposition raised the amateur artist high in my estimation. It was thus I conceived a French officer should soften the rigour of his official duties.

Our permissions being countersigned, we proceeded to the prison, under the guidance of M. Renard. On our approach, a heavy door was opened by a turnkey who lives in the interior, and we delivered our permissions to an inspector, who kept them until our return.

It was not, I confess, without emotion, that I heard the third door closed, which separated me from the outside of the fortress. One yet remained to be opened—it was that of Count Peyronnet, and I was on the eve of beholding one of the most distinguished and unfortunate men of the age.

The prisoner received me with kindness and urbanity. I found him in the midst of his labours *tete à tête* with his clever friend M. Jules de Resseguer, who, to dissipate the embarrassment consequent on a first interview, evinced towards me all the ease and unaffected kindness which he had before shown me as a literary man. The Count himself came towards me, and said, "We have long been acquainted, Sir, without having seen each other; but you should have visited me at the Chancery, and not here. These were his first words—I am sure I have not altered them. I cannot, however, vouch for the same accuracy with regard to the rest of our conversation, adorned as it was with the high polish of his manners, and brilliant with the flashes of his wit. But nothing struck me so much in it as the expression of a mild and benevolent philosophy, not wholly divested of gaiety.

The study or working-room in which I found the captive Count, is fitted up with four small book-cases, whose shelves contain all the French historians, together with various works on jurisprudence, and other grave matters. The "Chronicles of Froissart," and the "Memoirs of the History of France," are the only books which he keeps in his bed-room. This study is furnished with great simplicity. A large table with a green cover, and an arm-chair à la Voltaire, are the principle things it contains. A clock, and behind it a looking-glass, adorn the mantel-piece, over which is the following motto in the Count's hand-writing—a motto singularly characteristic of his situation:

MOULTE TARDE.

The windows are enlivened with flowers planted in boxes,—placed there, no doubt, to conceal the iron bars. Four portraits—those of his children—are suspended within view of the solitary occupant of this dreary abode. The first represents the Viscount Peyronnet, who died five years ago whilst holding the office of Advocate General at the Cour Royale of Paris; the second is an excellent likeness of the Marchioness Dalon, which I recognized from having met the original and danced several times with her at the Mineral Waters, where during a whole season, she bore away the palm of beauty and elegance. She also is no more. The two other portraits, are those of Mad. de Lavilleon and M. Jules de Peyronnet, who, having survived the other two, are able to console their unfortunate parent, and are, as the latter so affectionately stated, all that remain of his children."

I had seen the Count on Sunday the 25th of July 1830, as he went to St. Cloud, and I found him less altered in appearance than I had anticipated, after so cruel a reverse of fortune. His habits are very regular. He rises early, shaves himself every morning, reads the papers, then writes till twelve o'clock; after which he receives his visitors till five in the afternoon. The weakness of his sight prevents him from writing by candle-light. He is always dressed with extreme neatness, wears round his waist a sash which his son Jules brought him from Algiers. His breakfast consists of a cup of coffee which he makes himself. He dines at half-past five—without appetite, as he informed me; and, in in truth solitude and inaction seldom eats hunger.

It will, no doubt, be expected, that I should give some account of the other prisoners at Ham. Messrs. De Chantelauze and De Guernon-Ranville inhabit the ground floor; Prince Polignac and Count Peyronnet, the first story. The arrangement of each prisoner's apartments is the same. Parallel to each other, and consisting of a study and a bed-room, they are separated by a passage or corridor, the door of which, open during the day, communicates with the common dining room and the platform of the Castle. At night this door is closed, and all communication with every other part of the fortress cut off till the next morning. The four captive prisoners differ much in their personal habits. M. de Chantelauze seems the most affected. It must, however, be stated that he is the worse off; for he is quite alone during nine months of the year. During the other three, he enjoys the society of a generous brother, who sacrifices his interest, and the happiness of domestic affection, to bring consolation to his afflicted relative. In the long intervals between his brother's visits, M. de Chantelauze leads a life of intellectual abstraction. He seems to have got rid of all earthly thoughts, and to be plunged in so profound a meditation as to forget even the necessity of clothing himself. M. de Guernon, of a firmer temperament, and whom the recollections of former studies have better qualified for the rigour of a life of solitude and captivity, in which the man of science can always find occupation, divides his time between natural philosophy and mathematics. He spends near his air-pump all the hours which he does not employ in the solution of algebraical questions; but he is most frequently to be found standing before a large black board with strange lines and figures chalked upon it—his clothes in disorder, and his face half covered with a thick beard, which the razor has not touched since his captivity;—where, from his costume and occupation, he might be taken for Galileo seeking the solution of his problem.

Prince Polignac is changed in nothing. He is here as at Paris, the man of elegant manners and fashionable life. He is calm, resigned, nay, almost indifferent, either from philosophy or from piety, or perhaps from both; appearing to suffer just the same degree of ennui as he would in a stage box at the opera;

well-bred, affable, amiable, and, above all, of courtly bearing. But he, at least, can see his wife and children, for whom he is not dead, as he is to society. He has formed a new nation out of his family, and out of his prison, a palace. His occupations are confined to drawing and music.

Prince Polignac is always dressed with extreme elegance; and when he takes his walk upon the platform, which is from sixty to eighty feet long, and scarcely more than five wide, he might be taken for a London exquisite visiting a prison. He goes out every morning at seven, rain or sunshine; and either, for his health or to mortify the attendant janitors who accompany him, he runs along the platform so fast, that not one of them can follow him;—an innocent pleasure, if he meant it as such, which recalls that of Henry IV, at Mayenne.

M. de Guernon takes his walk at a later hour; M. de Chantelauze takes no walk; and Count Peyronnet never goes out. For twenty-two months the Count has not left his apartments. He has no objection, he says, to *take a walk*, but does not choose to be *walked*. He maintains, that in his case the law passed last year has been violated. It assigns, he says, to certain state prisoners a fortress for their prison; but it imposes not upon the captive bearing the weight of his punishment, the continual presence of a troublesome witness, and it takes no more from his privilege of locomotion, than that specified in his sentence. The Count asserts, that a jailor has no more right to accompany the prisoner in his walk, than to sit with him in his room, and occupy one side of his chimney corner, or to sleep with him in the same bed. He alleges, moreover, that it is absurd to tie him to particular hours, and say to him, "Go out, now, notwithstanding it rains and you are busy. At another hour, when the weather is fine and you have nothing to do, you shall not go out."

The prisoners breakfast in their own apartments; but they dine together; with the exception, however, of Count Peyronnet, who dines alone, and whose dinner is brought to him from the Rue Tournoyante.

Prince Polignac, whom a former captivity of eleven years, after the execution of a sentence which condemned him to two years imprisonment, had accustomed to the life of a prison, resumed its habits without any effort. From humility or inclination he suffers his cook—the same who served him when Minister—to remain idle; and he lives as prisoners live in the Castle of Ham. Count Peyronnet's table is neither more nor less sumptuous than that of his fellow captives; the only difference is its absolute solitude.

The dining-room of the captive ministers is transformed every Sunday into a chapel, where they hear mass, to which only the Commandant Delpire, and the boy who serves the priest at the altar, are admitted.

The garrison in the Castle is composed of two picked companies, and a company of artillery, forming altogether about four hundred men. The drawbridges are raised at eight o'clock in the evening. In all respects, the Castle is upon the same footing as other fortresses.

Count Peyronnet seems to have imposed upon himself the obligation of not asking for anything. He had, last year, an attack of sciatic gout, which lasted four months and a half; and he could go from his arm-chair to his bed only by means of a line of chairs, which he had himself formed. He would not even claim medical assistance. I know from himself that the most acute affliction he had experienced during his captivity, was the knowledge of the illness of his mother-in-law—she who during thirty years had shared his good and evil fortune. She died in the town of Ham, without his receiving her last farewell; and he never mentions this circumstance without the most distressing emotion.

The first interview with Count Peyronnet passed in conversing about his writings, and in discussing the divisions of the work in which he is at present engaged. On my noticing one among his manuscripts, the writing and paper of which seemed to me of older date, he informed me that it was a treatise on capital punishments, which he had composed at Vincennes.

When I thought it time to take leave, I made a motion to rise, but the Count, with the kindest expression, urged me to remain. "You have still a quarter of an hour," he said; "it is little for you, but a great deal for me." The clock at length struck five, and I offered him my hand. "No! no! Monsieur Ladycat, he cried, "we embrace in prison!" I immediately embraced him, and determined to be with him on the morrow at the earliest hour it was possible to get admittance."

L. Adroca's Book of the Hundred and One.

JOHN GULLEY, ESQ. M. P.

FOR PONTEFRACT.

This extraordinary individual having now attained to the highest distinction which an English Commoner can enjoy, it may not be uninteresting to our reader to know something of his early history. He was originally, we believe, a native of the small town of Wick, in Gloucestershire, and began life by exercising the extremely un-aristocratic, and, we should say, still more un-senatorial calling and craft—of a butcher. In this speculation "after the flesh," however, he proved decidedly unfortunate, and was obliged, in spite of many, we may suppose, most energetic struggles with the proverbially fickle Goddess, to shelter himself from his creditors within the walls of the King's Bench Prison in London, better known to the modern inhabitants by the name of "Tenterden Lodge." Here he had an accidental opportunity of meeting with Henry Pearce, called familiarly among his respectable brethren of the fancy by the *nom de guerre* of the Game Chicken,—a genius at that period alike the terror of the provincial and metropolitan rings, and, in point of fact, the undisputed champion of England. These two aspiring worthies having had a casual "turn-up" with the gloves, it occurred to our hero that he would be quite a match, in actual combat, for his hitherto invincible opponent; and, his opinion having been adopted by Mr. Fletcher Reid, who then held an eminent place in the number of the sporting characters of England, that gentleman backed him for four hundred guineas to six hundred, and, after paying off all his debts, sent him on an expedition to the well-known training ground at Virginia Water, near Egham. The important combat, big, of course, "with the fate of Caesar and of Rome," was decided near a small village between Brighton and Lewes, on the 5th of October, 1805. The result was, that Gulley's friends found it necessary to interfere towards the close, and to give in for him, after a desperate and most scientific struggle of one hour and ten minutes' duration. His defeat, instead of militating against the pretensions of our new M. P., added incredibly to his fame. That a man who, like him, had never previously lifted his "mawleys" in a pugilistic encounter, should have been able to make such a powerful demonstration of skill against the boxing phenomenon of the age, was universally considered by the amateurs of the fancy as little short of miraculous; and he was accordingly matched, with the utmost readiness, in 1807, to fight a tremendously large and "gluttonous" Lancashire giant, of the name of Gregson. The battle "came off," as the phrase goes, at a valley called Six-Mile-Bottom, on the Newmarket road, and after a trial of what is denominated manhood, in the South, which, in the judgment of Pierce Egan, "was positively the most dreadful in its nature that ever was contested," victory was ultimately declared in favour of Mr. Gulley. The reported description of the last round gives one of the most fearful delineations of the utter debasement and prostitution of some of the highest conditions of physical and even mental energy that we ever recollect to have perused, and as such we quote it for the instruction, and we hope improvement, of our pugnacious readers:—

"For the last ten rounds, (says the enthusiastic chronicler of bloody noses and damaged optics,) it could scarcely be called fighting. Nature was completely exhausted, and it was the desperate effort of the mind seen struggling for victory; their brave hearts endeavouring to protract the scene, reluctant to pronounce the word—enough. In strict honor and justice, it might now be fairly observed that victory hung upon mere chance, more than on any other cause; from the helpless state of the combatants, the betting became even. Knocking down seemed out of the question for the last seven or eight rounds, and they fell continually together from their feebleness. It has been remarked, that it is impossible to witness any battle, however perfectly strangers the combatants may be, but that the spectator naturally feels a sort of preference for one more than another of the pugilists—and here in this state of the contest, putting interest out of the question, it would have been impossible to have made choice from any thing like superiority; but, if there was a favorite, Gulley perhaps had the balance. At meeting in the last round, no drunken men staggered more, or appeared more incapable to stand steadily, than both the combatants; at length Gulley rallied all his strength and spirits, and, though feeble the attempt, it was of sufficient consequence to knock down Gregson, and to prevent him rising to his time. It was a proud moment for Gulley, who, like a tired horse that is worn out from a long journey, on finding he is near home, sets off in a trot; so it operated with Gulley, who endeavoured to make a jump of it, to show how much he valued the victory. Gregson suffered most terribly indeed, and lay on the ground for some minutes totally incapable of moving or speaking." The condition of his opponent was still more pitiable; for, after the battle was finally decided, he lay in a state of total insensibility during the long period of five hours.

The dubious issue of this ferocious encounter, induced the friends of Gregson to afford their protégé another opportunity of redeeming his laurels, and a second match was accordingly made between the same parties, which was decided with comparative ease in favour of the Pontefract Senator, on 10th May, 1808. It was said that Gulley's supporters now presented him with four or five thousand pounds as a testimony of their respect for his extraordinary gallantry, and with this money (one of his arms having been permanently injured in his last fight) he established himself as an innkeeper in Carey-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. Here, however, he did not long continue. He abandoned his hostelry, and devoted his acute intellect exclusively to the hidden mysteries of horse racing and betting. In the latter ticklish science he is generally admitted to be the greatest adept that ever lived, and at present he conducts an extensive traffic by commission, on behalf of those noblemen and others, who either distrust their own judgments, or do not wish to appear to be actively engaged in such pursuits. In no instance has a shade of dishonour ever hung over his character, which is considerably more than can be affirmed of many stirring members of the honourable house. He is exceedingly gentlemanly and unassuming in his manners, and is understood to have acquired a large private fortune. He possesses considerable landed property in Hertfordshire and Yorkshire. In the former county he is now proprietor of Sir John Sebright's park and domain, in which he fought his last battle with Gregson. Here we leave him for the present to repose upon his hard-earned laurels, such as they are; and to read his history either "in a nation's eyes," or, if he prefers it, in the eccentric and

not altogether unedifying pages of Pierce Egan's *Boxiana*, where he will at least find the incidents and rounds of warfare more circumstantially set forth.

MILITARY EVENTS AT NEW ORLEANS.

"Tis not to be doubted that the first effect of any new thing in warfare is always the most certain of producing success, particularly against inexperienced troops; but let them see and know the whole of the effects that such a thing is calculated to produce, and the alarm wears off, and confidence and courage return with wonderful rapidity. So it was here; the first fire of our guns struck them dumb with amazement and terror—but mark the contrast! Both the latter part of this day, and on the 8th, at the general attack, how little they seemed to care for all the artillery we could bring against them! Their gun, a 32-pounder, was a most bitter antagonist to our principal battery. This happened to be erected nearly in front of that part of the line where this gun was situated, and when it fired, its shot always struck the battery at the first bound, and then it ricocheted into the redoubt where I had taken up my post. General Keane, with a part of his brigade, was in this latter work, and some of them narrowly escaped the effects of the numerous balls thrown from this gun. We are told the captain of the schooner, after having been deprived of his vessel, had been appointed to the charge and management of this gun, with some of his crew to work it; and indeed it seemed very like the bitter and determined spirit of our former opponent, for any of the other guns seemed like children's play to the unceasing and destructive fire of this heavy piece of ordnance. I could distinctly see that they were sailors that worked it—one of whom, a large mulatto, with a red shirt, always sponging her out after firing.

In what I am going to relate, I know I shall incur the risk of being deemed a *traveller* by some of my readers, but that shall not deter me from telling what I plainly and repeatedly saw with my own eyes, assisted by a glass. At the distance of three quarters of a mile, I could distinctly perceive the ball from this gun every time it was fired, it appearing like a small black spot in the midst of the column of white smoke, and which gradually grew larger in appearance as it approached us. In many instances I was providentially the cause of saving some of the men who were in the redoubt with us, because, seeing which way the ball was coming, I told them when to lie down; and on one occasion was the shave so close, that it actually carried away one of the men's packs, as he lay on the ground. Another shot struck about three feet above our heads, and carried away part of a piece of timber which supported a shed just behind us." *

"The poor fellows on the left, who had gained the only work which fell into our hand on this bank of the river, were still detained there, unable either to advance or retreat; and not one durst show his head above the parapet, or he was instantly shot dead.

Such was their confined and critical situation at this period, that an officer of the 7th, whose name I forgot, being himself rather tall, and wearing at this time the high narrow-topped cap, could not squeeze in sufficiently close to cover himself completely by the parapet, the top of the high cap he wore sticking above the top of the work. This part of the cap, which was visible to the Americans within the line, had no less than four or five rifle-shots put through it while he lay there, but without touching his head. All this information respecting these three companies I had from Lieutenant Steele of the 43d, one of the officers who was in the work.

They were obliged at last last to adopt a very singular but politic expedient, which was, to make one of the American prisoners embrace a man of the 43d, and thus stand up together to see what was going forward; for hitherto they were totally ignorant, from the causes above assigned. The enemy durst not fire in such a case, for fear of killing their own man.—The news they now learned was most disheartening, indeed, which was, that the whole of the British had retired, and that the Americans were coming out of their lines, and were moving in the direction of that work."—*Twenty-five Years in a Rifle Brigade.*

DANIEL BOON.

Daniel Boone, one of the first, one of the most fearless of the pioneers to what was then a wilderness, "a dark and bloody ground," deserves a volume; and we trust ere long he will have one all to himself. We wish the old man had lived to see himself the hero, the sole hero of a story. The idea that his name would be in print was more fatal to his philosophy than the idea of suffering and death; and had he dreamed of being one day as noted as man ever can hope to be, it would have done more toward disturbing his saturnine gravity than all the Indians that ever roamed Kentucky. He was a strange compound; born in the good old state of Virginia, he first tried North Carolina, then Kentucky, and at last swept on to Missouri, to his dying day, a pioneer. Thirty years old, he crossed the mountains, not to seek, as most at his age do, a competence and comfort, but to go through perils and dangers, and hardships, that would have tried the heart and frame of any youth in christendom. For two months, without one companion—not even a dog—without home or help, he wandered among the wilds, his bed the ground; his canopy the trees; his lullaby the howl of the wolf and the yell of the savage. Taken by the Indians, he so won their regard and so tickled their vanity, by never quite outdoing them with the rifle, that money would not purchase his freedom. Escaping, for four days in succession he went on foot forty miles, and

eat during the time but one meal. Without fear and without fierceness; abominating society, but a kind husband, and father, and fellow-man; daring, when daring was the wiser part; prudent, when discretion was valor's better half; sagacious and clear-headed, but ever averse to civilization—he walked through life with the hardihood of youth, the decision of manhood, and the cool reason of age. He had his vices and faults, but had so few, that in his place and with his education, he was a marvel of virtue as well as of fortitude. So calmly did he anticipate death, that he prepared his own coffin beforehand. One he made, but finding it too small, he presented it to his son-in-law, and having fitted himself with a second, and polished it by long rubbing, he laid himself down and died, in life and death a veritable 'Leatherstocking.'

Daniel Boone first came to Kentucky in 1769; he died in 1822, in the 85th year of his age. Dates in such a man's life are of no great importance; he influenced his followers rather than his contemporaries; his fellows could not appreciate the better part of his nature; it remains for us to do justice.

Western Monthly Mag.

A MATHEMATICAL PRODIGY.

As an antidote to the prejudice existing against precocity of intellect, which so often blazes for a moment and then expires, or sinks into obscurity, we may justly adduce the splendid recollections which attach to the names of a Crichton, a Mirandola, a Newton, a Mozart, and many another, whose premature "beauty of mind" has expanded into the happiest maturity. There is every such promise as this about a Sicilian boy of the present day, whose powers and brief parentage [?] are dwelt upon in the following extract of a letter from Rome:—

"The boy, Joseph Puglisi, who has just arrived here from Palermo, the place of his birth, is indeed blessed, as all who have heard and observed him must admit, with the most extraordinary natural endowments. You shall judge for yourself of their extent. He is the son of a glove-maker in Palermo. The first evidence which he gave of his intellectual powers occurred about eighteen months ago, when he had just completed his sixth year. The occasion was this:—an agent, having purchased a quantity of gloves from several different individuals, Puglisi's father went to fetch him pen and ink with a view to find the sum total of the man's purchases; but his urchin of a son, who was at the time in the shop, called after him that he need not give himself the trouble, as the whole amount was so many ounces and odd. Being asked who had told him so, he replied, 'My own head.' On summing up the several items, his calculation was found to be perfectly correct. From this moment his arithmetical powers were put to repeated tests; and they were brought into still further action by increasing the difficulty of the questions set him, which he solved under the gradual exhibition of a talent of far superior calibre. His father then came with him to Catanea, brought him under the notice of the Viceroy of Sicily, and afterwards set off for Naples, where young Puglisi produced his parent a golden harvest, besides acquiring an increase of fame to his own share. Thence he found his way to this place, where he has been an object of astonishment and admiration in every circle, and has been honoured with a handsome gold medal by the Pope himself. You can conceive nothing so astonishing as the boy's capacity for all sorts of arithmetical calculations, whether they be of the most trivial or the abstrusest nature. His genius consists in being perfectly sensible of its pre-eminence, wielding it with masterly clearness and precision, and at times bringing it to bear with surprising effect.—

Hence it is, that he is enabled to state the process through which he arrives at once at his solutions, and, at the same time to explain the difficulties which have attended them.—All this is done without any aid from science; for, with the exception of a knowledge of figures, he can neither read nor write. For instance, on his being asked a particular question, it was necessary to explain what a square root was to him, and after that he instantly gave his answer with minute accuracy. I heard him in public yesterday: ten questions of various degrees of difficulty were set him, and he solved them all without hesitation or blunder. It was really a most interesting scene. The boy sat at first looking about him with a laugh and a smile, obviously flattered at being the subject of attention to so numerous an auditory; but no sooner was the first question started than his whole frame underwent a change as instantaneous as the sensitive plant, when the slightest touch affects it. Whilst brooding over it, he, laying with his hands, moved his body backwards and forwards, and was constantly shifting himself about on his seat. There was evidence irrefragable in every motion of the internal working of the 'mena divina.' On a sudden he sprang from his seat, in a state of indescribable ecstasy, and with eyes sparkling with fire, and exulting at his triumph, announced the result in a strong and melodious tone of voice. I must leave you to imagine the effect which all this produced upon us. And the same scene was repeated at every fresh question and solution. Two of them were stated so confused a manner that not a soul in the room could comprehend them; at the second, the boy rose from his seat, and, much to our diversion, exclaimed, with his broad, good humoured Sicilian, 'Lo saccio ben fare, ma essi non sanno domandare,' (I am perfectly able to solve the thing, but they do not know how to put the question.) He was asked if a certain quantity of water be contained in the Tiber, and eight men were employed to remove it, how many days would they consume in the operation? Upon this the lad inquired, almost before the

words were out of the questioner's mouth, 'You have forgotten to state what quantity they bale out every day or every hour?' As soon as the hiatus was supplied, in less than three minutes our young arithmetician stood up with the result, which involved some millions of figures. In person he is of middling size for his age, and between robust and slender of make; his complexion is sallow, his hair light-coloured, and his eyes blue, though without any particular expression of liveliness or animation; his look, however, is soft wary, and tranquil." *

PUBLIC ROADS AND CARRIAGES.

"Thirty years ago, the Holyhead mail left London, via Oxford, at eight o'clock at night, and arrived in Shrewsbury between ten and eleven the following night, being twenty-seven hours to one hundred and sixty-two miles. This distance is now done, without the least difficulty, in sixteen hours and a quarter; and the Holyhead mail is actually at Bangor Ferry, eighty-three miles farther, in the same time it used to take in reaching the post-office at Shrewsbury. We fancy we now see it, as it was when we travelled on it in our schoolboy time, over the Wolverhampton and Shifnal stage—in those days loose uncovered sand in part—with Charles Peters or old Ebden quitting his seat as guard, and coming to the assistance of the coachman, who had flogged his horses till he could flog them no longer. We think we see them crawling up the hill in Shrewsbury town—whip, whip, whip—and an hour behind their time 'by Shrewsbury clock'—the betting not ten to one that she had not been overturned on the road! It is now a treat to see her approach the town, if not before, never after her minute."

A young man of the name of Taylor, a spirited proprietor, horses her through Shrewsbury, from Hay-Gate to Nescliff, in a manner that deserves to be spoken of. The stages are ten and eight, and for these he has a team of bays, a team of greys, and two teams of chestnuts, that can show with England. Let us look to another coach out of this town at the period we have been speaking of—"the Shrewsbury and Chester Highflyer!" This coach started from Shrewsbury at eight o'clock in the morning, and arrived at Chester about the same time in the evening—distance forty miles. This was always a good hard road for wheels, and rather favourable for draught—and how then could all these hours be accounted for? Why, if a 'commercial gentleman' had a little business at Ellesmere, there was plenty of time for that. If a 'real gentleman' wanted to pay a morning visit on the road, there could be no objection to that. In the pork-pie season half an hour was generally consumed in consuming one of them, for Mr. Williams, the coachman, was a wonderful favourite with the farmers' wives and daughters all along the road. The coach dined at Wrexham—for coaches lived well in those days; they now live upon air; and Wrexham church was to be seen—a fine specimen of the florid gothic, and one of the wonders of Wales! Then Wrexham was also famous for—no public breweries in those days in Wales—and, above all, the inn belonged to Sir Watkin! About two hours were allowed for dinner; but 'Billy Williams'—one of the best-tempered fellows on earth, as honest as Aristides, and at this moment upon the same ground—was never particular to half an hour or so: 'The coach is ready, gentlemen,' he would say, 'but don't let me disturb you, if you wish for another bottle!' A coach now runs over this ground a trifle under four hours!!

The Brighton road may be said to be covered with coaches, no less than twenty-five running upon it in the summer. The fastest is the Red Rover, which performs the journey under five hours. That called the Age, when driven and horsed by the late Mr. Stevenson, was an object of such admiration at Brighton, that a crowd was every day collected to see it start. Mr. Stevenson was a graduate of Cambridge, but his passion for the bench got the better of all other ambitions, and he became a coachman by profession; and it is only justice to his memory to admit that, though cut off in the flower of his youth, he had arrived at perfection in his art. His education and early habits had not, however, been lost upon him; his demeanour was always that of a gentleman; and it may be fairly said of him, that he introduced the phenomenon of refinement into a stage coach. At a certain change of horses on the road, a silver sandwich-box was handed to his passengers by his servant, accompanied by the offer of a glass of sherry to such as were so inclined. Well-born coachmen prevail on this road. A gentleman connected with the first families in Wales, and whose father long represented his native county in Parliament, horsed and drove one side of the ground with Mr. Stevenson; and Mr. Charles Jones, brother to Sir Thomas Tyrwhit Jones, has now a coach on it called the Pearl, which he both horses and drives himself.

But to return to fast work: the Edinburgh mail runs the distance, 400 miles, in forty hours, and we may set our watches by it at any point of her journey. Stoppages included, this approaches eleven miles in the hour, and much the greater part of it by lamplight. The Exeter day coach, the Herald, from the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill, runs over her ground, 173 miles, in twenty hours—admirable performance, considering the natural unevenness of the country through which it has to pass. The Devonport mail does her work in first-rate style, 227 miles in twenty-two hours. In

* From Calais to Paris is the same distance; the diligence takes at least 48 hours in the summer, and from 50 to 60 in the winter. The Exeter mail is allowed 18 hours from London to Exeter, the Paris mail from 28 to 30 hours from Calais to Paris, and this is reckoned quick work.

short, from London to Cheltenham, Gloucester, Worcester, Birmingham, Norwich, or any other place, whose distance does not much exceed one hundred miles, is now little more than a pleasant morning drive. We say *pleasant*, for this extraordinary speed is *not attained*, generally speaking, by putting animals to anything like cruel exertion. A fast coach has very nearly a horse to every mile of ground it runs—reckoning one way, or 'one side of the ground.'* Proprietors of coaches have at length found out—that they were a long time before they did discover it—that the hay and corn market is not so expensive as the horse market. They have, therefore, one horse in four always at rest; or, in other words, each horse lies still on the fourth day, thus having the advantage of man. For example, if ever we turn coach proprietors, or 'get into harness,' as the proper term is—which, as we have become fox-hunters, is by means impossible—we shall keep ten horses for every ten miles stage we engage to cover. In this case, eight horses only will be at work, four up and four down. If the stage be under seven miles, nine horses may do the work; but no horse in a fast coach can continue to run every day, the excitement of high keep and profuse sweating producing disease. In practice, perhaps no animal toiling for man, solely *for his profit*, leads so easy and so comfortable a life as the English coach-house. He is sumptuously fed, kindly treated, and if he do suffer a little in his work, he has twenty-three hours in the twenty-four of luxurious ease. He is now almost a stranger to the lash, nor do we ever see him with a broken skin; but we often see him kick up his heels when taken from his coach, after having performed his stage of ten miles in five minutes under the hour. So much for condition.

No horse lives so high as a coach-horse. In the language of the road, his stomach is the measure of his corn;—he is fed *ad libitum*. The effect of this is visible in two ways—first, it is surprising to see how soon horses gather flesh in this severe work—for there is none more severe whilst it lasts; and, secondly, proprietors find that good flesh is no obstacle to their speed, but, on the contrary, operates to their advantage. Horses draw by their weight and not by the force of their muscles, which merely assist the application of that weight: the heavier a horse is, the more powerful is he in his harness; in short, it is the weight of the animal which produces the draught, and the play and force of his muscles serve to continue it. Light horses, therefore, how good soever their action, ought not to be put to draw a heavy load, as muscular force cannot act against it for any length of time.

The average price of horses for fast coaches may be about 23*l.* Fancy teams, and those working out of London, may be rated considerably higher than this; but taking a hundred miles of ground, *well horsed*, this is about the mark. The average period of each horse's services does not exceed four years in a fast coach—perhaps scarcely so much. In a slow one we may allow seven; but in both cases we are alluding to horses put to the work at five or six years old. Considerable judgment is necessary to the selection of horses for fast work in harness; for if they have not action which will command the pace they are timed at, they soon destroy themselves. For a wheel-horse he should have sound fore legs, or he cannot be depended upon down hill. Good hind legs and well-spread gaskins are also essential points in a coach-horse—the weight or force applied proceeding from the fulcrum formed by the hinder feet. The price we have named as the average one for such animals may appear a very low one: but we must remember that to be a hunter a horse must have length of shoulder, length of frame, well placed hinder legs, and a well-bitted mouth—whereas, without any of these qualities he may make an excellent coach-horse—and hence the value of the coach market to our breeders. Blemished horses also find their way into coaches, as do those whose tempers are bad; neither is a blind horse, with good courage, altogether objectionable now the roads are so level.

It may not be uninteresting to the uninitiated to learn how a coach is *worked*. We will then assume that A, B, C, and D enter into a contract to *horse* a coach eighty miles—each proprietor having twenty miles; in which case, he is said to *cover both sides of the ground*, or *to and fro*. At the expiration of twenty-eight days, the lunar month, a settlement takes place, and if the gross earnings of the coach should be 10*l.* per mile, there will be 80*l.* to divide between the four proprietors, *after* the following charges have been deducted, *viz.*, tolls, duty to government, mileage, (or hire of the coach, to the coachmaker,) two coachmen's wages, porters' wages, rent or charge of booking-offices at each end, and washing the coaches. These charges may amount to 150*l.*, which leaves 650*l.* to keep eighty horses and to pay the horse-keepers, for a period of twenty-eight days; or nearly 160*l.* to each proprietor for the expenses of his twenty horses, being 2*l.* per week, per horse. Thus it appears, that a fast coach, properly appointed, cannot pay unless its gross receipts amount to 10*l.* per double mile; and that, even then, the *horse's profits* depend on the luck he has with his stock.

In the present age, the art of mechanism is eminently reduced to the practical purposes of life, and the modern form of the stage coach seems to have arrived at perfection. It combines prodigious strength with almost incredible lightness, not weighing more than about eighteen hundred weight; and being kept so much nearer the ground than formerly, is of course considerably safer. Accidents, no doubt, occur, and

* For example, from London to Shrewsbury is 158 miles, and the number of horses kept for the Wonder coach is 150.

a great many more than meet the public eye; but how should this be otherwise, when we take into account the immense number of coaches on the road, a great portion of which travel through the night, and have all the varieties of our climate to contend with? No one will assert that the proprietors guard against accidents to the utmost of their power—but the great competition they have to encounter is a strong stimulant to their exertions on this score. Indeed, in some respects the increase of pace has become the traveller's security.* Coaches and harness must be of the best quality; horses must be fresh and sound, and coachmen of science and respectability can alone be employed. In fact, to the increased pace of their coaches is the improvement in these men's moral character to be attributed. They have not time now for drinking, and they come in collision with a class of persons superior to those who formerly were stage-coach passengers, by whose example it has been impossible for them not to profit in all respects. A coachman drunk on his box is now a rarity. A coachman, *quite sober*, was even within our memory still more so. But let us press this question a little further: do the proprietors guard against accidents *to the very extent of their ability?* We fear not: too many of them, to touch only one point, allow their coachmen to omit the use of the hand or end-buckle to their reins, which, to our own knowledge, has lately been productive of innumerable accidents. This is new, and it is a mere piece of affectation, and should be put a stop to; for surely, if a coachman fancies he has not time to *'pin his ribbons'* before mounting the box, he can do so after having proceeded a short distance on his stage; and he cannot say he has not time to unbuckle them before he comes to the end of it. It is evident, that with reins unbuckled at the ends, should either of them drop out of his hand, all command over his team is gone. Moreover, in the hands of the best coachman, a wheel-horse will now and then drop, and should he not, fortunately in this case, be *dragged on the ground*, so as to stop the coach, up he jumps, and expecting the whip, rushes forward with his head loose, his rein having been drawn through the coachman's hand. Had it been buckled at the end, such an occurrence could not have happened; and if, after our warning, damages are sought for on this score, coach-proprietors may depend on it they must be prepared to smart.

* To give one instance—the Worcester mail was one of the slowest on the road, and the oftener overturned. She is now fast, and reckoned one of the safest in England.

THE CONSTELLATION.

NEW YORK, MARCH 9, 1833.

PROGRESS OF DISCOVERY ON THE MORE NORTHERN COASTS OF AMERICA.—This very interesting volume forms the LIII. number of Harper's Family Library, and from the valuable facts contained in its pages, will be read with an interest equal to that which has accompanied each of the foregoing works. It will be remembered that in No. XIV. of this series was given the "Discoveries and Adventures in the Polar Regions"; and to which the present volume will form a valuable adjunct. The historical portion of this work has been written by Patrick F. Tyler of Edinburgh, and the Zoological and Botanical Sketches, &c. are given by his friend and countryman, James Wilson, names eminent in the Scottish capital for their attainments in philosophy and science. This volume embraces all the voyages that have been undertaken, from the departure of Cabot from the port of Bristol in 1497 to the return of Captain Beechey in the fall of 1828. The labors of Mr. Wilson commence with some very interesting introductory observations on the Natural History of this portion of the globe, which is succeeded by a synopsis of the habits and instincts of animal, and the peculiarities of vegetable life in these regions.

There is also a sketch of the Geological features of the country, and in the appendix a vindication of Richard Hakluyt, the compiler of the early voyages. The typography is as usual beautifully executed, and the volume contains some wood cuts, and a map of the entire northern coasts.

We are much pleased to find by a notice prefixed to this volume, that the FAMILY LIBRARY has been introduced as *Class Books* in various schools with considerable success; and we most cordially recommend the same adoption by all our friends who may have charge of the education of youth. The minds of the young will be amused, and the judgment of the teacher is exhibited in rendering this amusement a medium for instruction.

THE KNICKERBACKER for March.—The third number of this periodical has been received; it contains—Studies of the Hebrew Language—Les Veterans, (poetry) from the French of Beranger—The Art of being Happy—Running against Time, by Paulding—Vagaries of a Humourist, No. I—Ruins of Ipsara—A Chapter on Offers—I will love thee no more (poetry)—Stock-am-eisen, or The Iron Trunk—To an Imprisoned Lion (poetry)—A peep at the Pow-wow—Editor's Table—Literary and Critical Notices—and Fine Arts. There is a spirited engraving of Webb's Congress Hall, Broadway. The articles will

be found of a more varied nature than heretofore, an improvement which we have no doubt will add to the merits of this publication.

THE BATTLE OF THE CANE-BRAKE.

From "A Yankee among the Nullifiers."

As soon as we arrived at the spot, being a cleared space of some little extent, the blacks were ordered to surrender.

"Neber!" said Caesar Johnson, grasping an empty gun-barrel, and placing himself in the van of his coadjutors—"neber will we render, so long as de breath remain in dese mortal bodies. We hab put ourselves on our *sared rights*; we hab exhorted to *flecessum*; we hab till dis moment use only de *peaceable remedy*; and now, gemmen if you temp to carry us way by forcible arm, contrary to de *Constitutum*, by the holy hooe-cake we will fend ourselves to the last drop of blood wat flow in our veins."

This speech was responded to by a general "Ful-lah!" from the throats of all the blacks, who, seizing their weapons, stood upon the defensive. The Nullifiers were now about commencing the attack with pistol in hand, when Colonel Peterson stepped forward, and in a mild tone of persuasion, endeavoured to convince the deluded slaves of the fatal madness of their undertaking; and to urge their return to the employment and protection of their masters.

"*Perfectum!*" exclaimed Caesar, flourishing his weapon, "I bombardie de word; and by gosh! I'll nullify any man, wedder black or white, wat mention de ting."

With that he whirled his gun-barrel thrice around his head, and was on the very point of nullifying the Colonel, when Captain Treadwell dexterously drew his long cudgel across Caesar's shins, and laid him prostrate on the ground.

The battle now commenced in good earnest.—Black against white, and white against black; nullifiers on this side, and nullifiers on that. Here swords and pistols, powder and ball; there, scythes and hoes, axes and empty guns.

Pop! went the pistols; whiz! went the bullets; cut! went the swords; slabang! went the gun-barrels; slash! went the axes; thump! went the hoes. In short, fire and fury, madness and rage, despair and vengeance, blood and wounds, bruises and contusions, jargon and confusion, mingled pell-mell and ruled the hour.

A bullet from the pistol of Captain Firebrand sped like lightning, and carried off one half the right ear of Cato Clump; nor did it stop here, but passing onward, grazed the cheek of Cuffee Brown, and finally lodged in the thick wool of Major Misletoc. But Cato Clump did not, patiently nor unrevenged, endure the dismemberment of his ear; for swinging his hoe-handle, both three and four times around his head to gather vengeance for the onset, he thus addressed Captain Firebrand—"Now take de venge of a color man! If dis blow no nullify you, I neber try again"—and letting drive at the Captain's head, he brought flat to the earth Peter Grimshaw, the Captain's right-hand man, who had no more sense than to stand straight up, while the Captain, by judiciously bobbing his head avoided the blow.

"Dere you lie, Misser Cap'n!" shouted Cato exultingly—when looking once more to see that he was fairly done for, he exclaimed, "By gosh, I kill de wrong man!"

A few steps off, Toby Thicklip, with a truculent scythe, aimed a sweep at the trap sticks of Sergeant Shu, at the same time exclaiming, with a horrid grin, "Dat take off your understandin, by goles!" He let drive, and came within an ace of cutting Robert Short in two in the middle; for at the particular moment when the sharp instrument swept where erst were the legs of Sergeant Slim, the prudent Sergeant dexterously bounded from the ground and escaped the shortening stroke.

"That was nimbly done, by Jove!" exclaimed Corporal Flunk; and throwing his pistol at the head of Toby, as he saw him approaching with his scythe, he took to his heels, resolving never to look back till he should be securely ensconced in the thickest part of the cane-brake.

His pistol in the mean time enacted wonders—for entering the huge mouth of Toby, it passed directly down his throat; where it no sooner lodged, than it went off; and the muzzle happening to point anteriorly, the ball arrested the flight of Corporal Flunk, who, in his speed leaning forward at an angle of forty-five degrees, received the envious lead just beneath his shoulder blade. Thus adding another proof to the thousands which had been given before, that a soldier seldom gains any thing by running away in battle.

The bold and chivalrous Lieutenant Flimflam, standing at a safe distance from his sooty foes, with sword in hand cut right and left; and, in the rage of his valor, did, or was prepared to do, most astonishing feats. Brandishing his weapon, he manfully called on his sooty foes, and dared them if they had the

least spark of courage, or any desire whatever to be cut to pieces, to come on and place themselves within reach of his sword.

"Come on! come on! you dastardly niggers. Come on, you rebels. Come on, you cowardly slaves. I'll cut you up in fine style. I'll learn you to succumb from your masters. I'll leave neither hide, hair, nor flesh of you. Only come here, that's all I ask of you."

As he said this, and still kept brandishing his sword right and left, he accidentally sliced off three good inches from the heel of Rosa Flatfoot, who happened just at that instant, in flouncing and bouncing and cutting high capers in derision of his prowess, to bring her too exuberant heels within reach of his puissant weapon.

While these feats were enacting, the war raged with prodigious vigour in other quarters; and Sambo White and Pompey Crookshin performed deeds of valor worthy of the reserved rights for which they were contending. Sambo White raised aloft an enormous axe, already blushing with anticipated gore, and discharged it full into the head of Mr. Portius Puff, exclaiming at the same time, "Dat brain you, any how!" But Sambo was mistaken. A puff of wind came out, like imprisoned gas from a bottle of beer, and lo! the scone was empty.

As he fell, Pompey Crookshin snatched the pistol from his quivering fingers, and turned it full against the face of Simon Flash. And now had been Simon's last hour—but, fortunately, Mr. Portius Puff had forgotten to insert the ball. Nevertheless the luxuriant whiskers on which Mr. Flash valued himself above all other properties, caught fire from the pistol; and being filled with sundry oleaginous substances, whereby their growth had been promoted, the devouring flame sped rapidly, and the whole crop was laid in ashes before the conflagration could be arrested.

While Pompey Crookshin stood wondering at the combustion he had caused, a bullet, from an unknown hand, struck him in the middle of the forehead; and finding his skull made of impenetrable stuff, bounded back, and taking an opposite Nullifier just between the lips, carried away two of his teeth, and descended with them down his throat.

But Cuffee Brown was less fortunate than Pompey Crookshin: for as he was brandishing his hoe-handle, and laying about him with unsparing hand, a ball, which had glanced from another of the hard heads of his coadjutors, took him sideways on the under lip, and carried off half a pound of that luxuriant organ.

The battle still continued to rage with very little abatement; and the white Nullifiers, who had expended nearly all their ammunition, to very little purpose, were beginning to get the worst of it: when the Union men, adopting the example of Captain Treadwell, directed their efforts to the most vulnerable part of the persons of their sooty antagonists; and by a few well aimed blows at their shins, soon laid the leaders prostrate on the ground, when the rest threw down their arms, and surrendered themselves prisoners of war.

JOURNALS.—*The Spirit of Washington*, published at Lexington, Ky. we perceive has suddenly increased its size, making now twenty handsome columns, and published weekly instead of semi-weekly as heretofore. From the general reputation of this paper, we doubt not it possesses, as it deserves, a lengthy list of subscribers.

The Salem (N.C.) Farmers' Reporter has been received; in addition to the character which its title implies, it contains a fair sprinkling of news and general miscellanea.

THE DRAMA.

Park.—Mr. and Miss Kemble, after playing with increased success in "Fazio," "The Hunchback," and Shakespeare's "Katharine and Petruchio," &c. appeared on the evening of the 28th ult. as *Jaffier and Belvidera*, to a crowded and fashionable audience, for the benefit of Wm. Dunlap, Esq. Of Miss Kemble's Belvidera, what can we say more than we have said?—it was a beautiful and natural personation, embodying all that may be imagined in the character of a young and lovely woman, tender, confiding and resolute. Mr. Kemble's Jaffier was equal to any of his former efforts, and played with a feeling that commanded an interest in the minds of his audience.

A very piquant Address from the pen of Colonel G. P. Morris, was delivered by Mrs. Sharpe, with her usual taste, which was well received by the audience.

Both the tragedy and afterpiece (a selection from Mr. Dunlap's drama) were well cast, and the performers exerted their abilities on the occasion.

At the close of the performance, a letter was received by David Hosack, Esq. (as Chairman of the Committee) from Mr. Kemble, requesting, in very handsome terms, that the Committee would receive

from Mr. Simpson, and appropriate to the funds received by the Treasurer on that evening for the benefit of Mr. Dunlap, the terms of his own and Miss Kemble's engagement for that representation,—amounting to \$400.

The unwearied attentions of the acting committee demand every acknowledgement. The net receipts, we are happy to learn, amounted to nearly \$3000—thus evidencing that New York, when there is occasion for her liberality and public spirit, can act as becomes herself—nobly!

DOGGERY'S NOTE BOOK.

Seducing a Scotsman.—Alexander Dobic, from the land o' cakes, and of great simplicity of manners, presented to the Lord Mayor a letter, which stated that the writer had been very much followed by females of rank, who he suspected wished to seduce him, but that his virtue and honour enabled him to resist the temptation to go astray. He expressed a hope that his Lordship would assist him to some situation by which he might obtain a livelihood without being under the necessity of sleeping in the streets.

The Lord Mayor.—You date your letter to me from Bedford-square. Why did you do so? You don't live there.

Dobic.—Na, na; but I slept there last night, and I thought I might as well direct from there.

The Lord Mayor.—You couldn't have slept in any house in Bedford-square?

Dobic.—Na, I didn't sleep in a house, but I did all day, I slept on the steps of a house.—(laughter).

The Lord Mayor.—And what put it into your head to suppose that you were so captivating to the ladies?

Dobic.—They followed me about Glasgow, and took liberties wi' me, and I didn't like it, so I came awa'.—(laughter).

The Lord Mayor.—And what do you wish me to do for you?

Dobic.—Why I ain't so comfortable as I ought to be, and I wish to be as sooth as I can.

The Lord Mayor.—I am afraid you are fit for no place but home, and I must send you there.

Dobic (looking down at himself).—Then I dinna ken what's the matter wi' me?

The Lord Mayor.—Something is the matter with your head.

Dobic, on whose head was a large mop of dirty curly hair, ran his fingers through his ringlets and said, "my head! nothing's the matter wi' my head—my head's quite whole, except here (pointing to his mouth), and that'll soon close up if I don't get something to keep it in exercise."—(loud laughter).

The Lord Mayor.—What are you, or what have you been?

Dobic.—A pedlar, but that profession's quite knocked on the head by the cholera.—(laughter). People think the pedlars carry it from one place to the other, and so we're shut out from profit. Noo if I could get to sea I'd like it.

The Lord Mayor.—I'm afraid a person at the age of forty is rather too old to begin at such work, but perhaps you have been at sea?

Dobic.—Never but once that I went out in a coal barge.

The Lord Mayor.—And how did you like it then?

Dobic.—Not at a', for I came home as black as Old Nick. They told me to lie down in the cargo, and when I got up, my complexion was much altered for the worse.—(great laughter).

Mr. Hobler.—And do the ladies run after you here as they did in Glasgow?

Dobic.—Exactly; I mean the fashionable ladies of rank. They run up to me, and pull me about, and laugh in my face; and if that ain't taking improper liberties wi' me, I dinna ken what liberty is.—(laughter).

The Lord Mayor.—Well, you shall be taken care of here for a few days, my poor fellow, and then I shall send you home. I'm sorry to say it, but the only place you are fit for is your own country.—(laughter.)

Mrs. Sarah Simpkins, a lady rather in years, was charged with an assault on Julia Wilhelmina Thomas, a good looking young female. The complainant said that she lived within a few doors of the defendant, who had lately taken it into her head to be jealous, and to suspect witness of seducing the affections of her lord and master. The other day they had a dispute about the affair, and Mrs. Simpkins, unconvinced by witness's arguments, took to enforcing her own by sundry blows and scratches.

The magistrate said Mrs. Simpkins was old enough to know that such conduct towards one who might be taken for her granddaughter was very discreditable.

Mrs. Simpkins, after tossing up her nose at the complainant, said, "Ah, your Worship, if you did but know all. Why, my husband, for the last three weeks, has done nothing but call out the name of 'Julia, my dear,' when he is asleep. I'm certain there's something wrong, and I can tell your Wor-

ship I've caught the young baggage and my husband winking at each other."

The magistrate asked the age of Mr. Simpkins.

The defendant said that she could not exactly state the age of Mr. Simpkins, but would recall a circumstance to the Magistrate's memory by which it would be ascertained with tolerable accuracy. "I have had eighteen children by my husband," added Mrs. Simpkins; "I married him in Dublin, and he was exactly thirty years of age upon our wedding day, and that took place on the memorable day of the landing of the French in Bantry Bay."

Magistrate.—Why that is full forty years ago; and by your own admission your husband must be now three score and ten; yet you have the folly to imagine that he is intriguing with this young creature, whom you have treated in a very cruel and unjust manner.

The defendant was ordered to find bail.

Mr. Hillier, the son of Captain Hillier, an old military officer, appeared against the driver of one of the Clapham Coaches, named Thomas Russell, a man of great strength of body, and reported pugilistic skill. Mr. H., according to his father's account, had taken such a fancy for coach-driving, notwithstanding his education, that he first set up a stage-coach, and then asked the Captain's advice upon the subject. All expostulation was useless; the son would drive, and he necessarily became subject to the insolent comments of his meaner brothers of the whip, who were always ready to whip away the female customers, into their vehicles from the very steps of that of the gentleman driver. Upon the present occasion, the defendant was stated not only to have seized two ladies who were about to honour the complainant, but struck the young gentleman violently in the face, knocked him down, and gave him a most strangling twist in the throat.

The Lord Mayor said that a gentleman who attempted to satisfy so preposterous a taste as that for stage-coach driving, could scarcely expect any other treatment than had been described. The fact was, that there were now four professions for the choice of gentlemen—physic, divinity, the law, and stage-coach driving. (Laughter.)

Captain Hillier said, that, finding his son had so great an attachment to the whip, he had endeavoured to conciliate the defendant, who was the most terrific ruffian upon the road, but the attempt had no other effect than that of producing such a volley of oaths and curses as could scarcely be expected to issue from the most incorrigible villain in Newgate.

The Lord Mayor said it would have been prudent in the father to induce the son to take a long coach,—a Brighton coach, for instance, would be desirable to one so young in the profession, for he would then have some of the nobility and gentry as competitors; but in a rivalry like the present there was no glory but that of abuse and blows. His Lordship then asked the defendant what he had to answer to such a complaint?

The defendant assured the Lord Mayor, in a very mild and respectful tone, that he himself was the injured man, for he had been not only struck and knocked about and blackguarded by the complainant, but his two ladies, who were just going to seat themselves in his coach, were snatched away by the complainant from his protection. (Loud laughter.)

Two witnesses, whose appearance caused some mirth, were ready to swear to the truth of the defence, but the Lord Mayor told the defendant that he must find bail to answer the complaint at the sessions.—Captain Hillier declared that it was his determination to prosecute. The Lord Mayor said that perhaps the violence and exposure to which the young gentleman had been subjected would tend more than all the advice in the world to conquer his taste for the fourth profession, which even the high rank of some of the professors could never render respectable.

Captain Hillier stated that he had endeavoured to bring up his son to the law, but the lash of the whip had more charms for the young man than a client's bill. It was but little his family ever expected that any member of it would become one of the fraternity of the Clapham road, or be engaged in a quarrel with a person so infinitely beneath the notice of a gentleman. The Captain then retired with his son, who had a tremendous black eye.

JONATHAN'S SHEEP.—Some years ago, one of our tall, lank, eastern Jonathans, was travelling through the western country, endeavouring to dispose of his notions, and happened to put up at a tavern kept by a worthy old Dutchman, with whom, as is usually the case, the neighbouring farmers generally spent their evenings. There happened at this time to be an unusual number of them assembled together, and their conversation naturally turned to their occupations, the principal topic being fat cattle, hogs, sheep, &c., and at length began guessing at their weight. Jonathan being of a social turn, and not relishing a subject which he was unable to engage in, determined to put a stop to their gossiping, and adopted the following method. He thrust his lanthorn visage over the shoulder of an honest yeoman, saying he guessed as how he could tell a story about father's sheep which would beat theirs all hollow. They all turned a listening ear to the story. After giving his chair a hitch or two, to come within the ring around the fire, he commenced by saying his father had one of the lar-

gest sheep he ever saw; he put him in a yard and fed him one month on hay, in which time he eat up a whole ton; he then put him in a stable and fed him a month on oats, and the tall critter eat twenty bushels; in two weeks more he fed him on eight bushels of Indian meal, and the day before Thanksgiving he killed him—and (stretching himself upright) how much do you guess he weighed? From the enormous quantity eaten by the sheep, and the length of time kept, each supposed him an enormous sheep; the guess went round, each one guessing a large weight; still Jonathan said nothing. At length one of them, encouraged by the pleasure twinkling in the Yankee's eye, ventured to ask him how much he did weigh: when raising his seven-foot figure, and lengthening out his long visage, he answered, "I'll be darned if I know."—*Carlisle Express.*

KISSING.—We learn from a western paper, that a young gentleman from New York has been fined \$25 and costs for kissing the wife of a man with whom he boarded. The suit was brought by the husband for the recovery of damages, some part of which were sustained more than a year ago, by the testimony of the *kissée*, that the offence has been repeated eight or nine times within a few months, making the price of the *smacks* about \$3 each. So, young men, take warning. Be cautious in all things; but be especially careful how you kiss other people's wives.

We don't think that the above is a very exorbitant rate, if the western damsels are any thing like our yankee ones. It should have been stated how long the kisses were. Byron says the length is the only way to determine the value of a kiss. For example:

"A long—long kiss—a kiss of youth and love," is assuredly worth more than three dollars. Shakespeare also has a line in which the beauty of these delicious kisses is well expressed:

"Long as my exile!—Sweet as my revenge!"
Goodness! what follows these poets must have been for kissing!!!—*Old Colony Press.*

ANECDOTES. From Taylor's Records.

Puns, &c.—"Dr. Monsey was educated at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, where he caught punning, but seldom condescended to practise it, yet he had all Dean Swift 'by heart,' to use the old expression. He used to relate many puns of his college contemporaries, which I have forgotten. I remember only one, which is, perhaps, not worth reviving:—An old member of St. John's College, (the high mart of punning) observing a carpenter putting a wooden covering over a bell to prevent the rain from injuring it, told the carpenter that the covering was too small. The man respectfully declared that it was large enough. 'Why?' said the inveterate punster, 'in spite of your covering, the bell must now be so wet you can (wring it).'

Another sally of humour, though from a lower character, was of a higher order, if intended:—A querulous old fellow, high in one of the colleges, was perpetually complaining of something at the table. On one occasion he found fault with a large pewter dish which contained a calf's head. The old gentleman declared that the dish was dirty, and the cook was ordered up to be scolded. 'Why is this dish so dirty?' said old querulous. 'Dirty!' said the man; 'it is so clean that you may see your face in it.' All but the old gentleman took the answer as a good joke, if not accidental; and the old gentleman unconsciously continued his complaint.

One story is certainly worth recording:—Dr. Monsey, with two or three old members of the University, in the course of an evening walk, differed about a proper definition of man. While they were severally offering their notions on the subject, they came to a wall where an itinerant artist had drawn various representations of animals, ships, &c. After complimenting him on his skill, one of the gentlemen asked him if he could draw an inference. 'No,' said the artist, 'I never saw one.' Logic then gave way to jocularity, and a man coming by with a fine team of horses, they stopped him, spoke highly of the condition of his horses, particularly admiring the first. 'That horse, carter,' said another of the gentlemen, 'seems to be a very strong one; I suppose he could draw a butt?' The man assented. 'Do you think he could draw an inference?' 'Why,' said the man, 'he can draw any thing in reason.' 'There,' said Monsey, 'what becomes of your definition, when you met a man that could not draw an inference, and a horse that could?'

Before Monsey settled as a physician in London, he had been very intimate with Sir Robert Walpole. Sir Robert was fond of wit and humour, and sometimes gave a dinner to his friends at an inn in the neighbourhood of his own seat, Houghton Hall. The landlord of this inn was reputed to be a great wit, and Sir Robert admired his prompt humor so much, that he generally desired him after dinner to join the company and take his place at the social board. The company were generally gratified by the humour of the landlord, who by the encouragement of Sir Robert was admitted upon terms of equality. On one of these occasions, when Monsey was of the party, an old dull Norfolk baronet, who had nothing to recommend him but wealth, was so jealous of the attention which the landlord received, that he openly

remonstrated with Sir Robert on his permitting such a man to sit in his company. The landlord modestly observed, that as Sir Robert, who gave the dinner, and all the gentlemen present, condoned to admit him, he saw no reason why the baronet should take exceptions. 'Pho,' said the baronet, 'your father was a butcher.' 'Well,' said the landlord, 'there is no great difference between your father and mine—for if my father killed cattle, yours brought them up.'

Duchess of Marlborough and her Daughter.—It is well known that Lady Mary Churchill, one of her daughters, who married the Earl of Godolphin, was very partial to Congreve the poet, who used generally to dine with her till his infirmities put an end to the intercourse. On the death of Congreve, she had a small statue of him placed always on her dinner-table, with a plate before it, and she used to address the figure as if a living person, offering to help him to whatever he preferred. The duchess, her mother, in her usual rough manner, never mentioned her but by the name of *Moll Congreve*."

Company to Dine.—"I was to dine one day with the doctor at the governor's table at Chelsea Hospital; and soon after I arrived, Lord Walsingham came in his carriage to ask Monsay to accompany him home to dinner. The doctor, knowing that I heard him, in his usual blunt way, said, 'I can't, my lord, for I have a scoundrel to dine with me.' Then bring your scoundrel with you," said his lordship."

An Examination.—"Mr. Kelly, as I have said, was perhaps too lofty, pompous, and flowery in his language, but good-natured, affable, and gentlemanly in his deportment, even to an excess of elaborate courtesy. An unlucky instance of his loquacity occurred, as well as I can recollect, on the trial of the notorious Barrington, who had picked a lady's pocket. The prosecutrix seemed to be inclined to give her evidence with tenderness, and the culprit might probably have escaped punishment, but unfortunately Mr. Kelly pressed her a little too much, and seemed to convert her lenity into self-defence, when he addressed her in the following words:—'Pray, madam, how could you, in the immensity of the crowd, determine the identity of the man?' This question was wholly unintelligible to the simple woman, and he was obliged to reduce his question into merely—'How do you know he was the man?' 'Because,' said she, 'I caught his hand in my pocket.'

Duelling.—"Mr. Bate related to me a circumstance that well illustrates the character of an Irish duellist, which ought to be carefully distinguished from that of an Irish gentleman. He said, that once being apprehensive that a dispute between him and another gentleman would terminate in a mortal contest, and being unprovided with arms, he asked a Mr. Brereton, with whom he had long been acquainted, to lend him a brace of pistols. Mr. Brereton seemed delighted with the request, as if it was a great favour conferred upon him, and brought the weapons, of which he spoke with high commendation, as if admirably constructed for the purpose. It happened that the adverse party made a satisfactory explanation to Sir Henry, and he returned the pistols, stating that he had fortunately no occasion to use them. Mr. Brereton expressed much discontent that his pistols should have been borrowed for nothing, and then observed that Sir Henry had some time before uttered some words that had offended him, and that he had often determined to demand an explanation. Sir Henry assured him that he never could intend to offend him, and had no recollection of having said anything that could possibly displease him. This courteous assurance, however, by no means appeased Brereton, who seemed to be rising into violent emotion. 'Oh, I perceive what you are at,' said Sir Henry: 'there, I'll take this pistol and you take the other, and we will settle the matter immediately.' Finding Sir Henry so resolute, Brereton said, 'Ah, I see you are a man of spirit, and as you are an old friend, let us shake hands, and the matter is over.'

Fossil Curiosity.—Copp's Hill Stone.—What is that? perhaps the reader exclaims. He shall soon learn if he will read the very apposite notice from the Mercantile Advertiser.

Copp's Hill Stone.—We have noticed for several days past various long articles in the Boston papers with the above title. Yesterday, taking up the New England Galaxy, our attention was at once arrested by the display of two cuts in the columns of that paper, very much resembling in size and shape those diagrams which were used by the editors in this city in 1831, to illustrate the aspect of the eclipses in that year. After wading through a couple of columns, in which the natural, statistical, and geographical history of the ante-diluvian world—the occupations, ages and genealogy of its inhabitants—were severally illustrated; in which we were shown the huge skeletons of lizards, sixty feet in length; the grinders of the mastodon,—a circumstantial account of Shem, Ham and Japhet; the size and capacity of the ark; the calculations of the investigators of the Samaritan Pentateuch; the Phoenician antiquities of Berosus; the reveries of Cuvier and the discoveries of Konig; and after learning that Tubal Cain was a lecturer upon, as well as a worker in, iron and brass, and that there were one hundred million of inhabitants upon the earth before the flood—which it is hoped no person will rashly deny—after all this rigmarole, we came at length to the important object which these two columns were intended to illustrate, and were told that, in sinking a well at Lynn on Copp's Hill, at the depth of seventy-two feet, the workmen sent up in a bucket of gravel, a stone—which the writer tells us 'is perfectly round, two inches and two eighths in diameter, and six eighths in thickness, convexed upon both sides, like a sun glass, with this difference that the convexity on one side is considerably greater than on the other,—being in this respect, similar in appearance to the crystalline lens of the eye. The substance of the stone itself, appears to be very much of the character of these razor stones, which are said to be made of petrified wood, so common in the shops.'

This stone is represented in the cut with a raised circle in the centre of one side, and the segment of a circle on the other. But how did this stone get under Copp's Hill? This is the grand question. The writer tells us that the stone having been cut—whether as a pastime or for an object of idolatrous worship does not appear—by the Indians, and mislaid, Copp's Hill—before it was called Copp's Hill, the writer supposes—took the opportunity one day during the absence of the Indian, to slip down upon it (the stone) from the main land; little expecting that the curious people of Boston would fish it up after the lapse of so many ages.

GERMAN CEMETRIES.

Beyond Frankfort, on the great road to Breslau, there is almost as little to interest the eye as before; the Oder is left to the right, and the verdure which clothes its banks is the only beauty that nature wears. A solitary enclosure, on the summit of a small rising ground, turned out to be a Jewish burying place, as lonely in its situation, and as neglected in its appearance, as can well be imagined. In so dreary a scene, these habitations of the dead look doubly dreary. The inscriptions were all in Hebrew, and the stones were overgrown with coarse rank grass. The Christian cemeteries, on the contrary, in this part of Germany, are kept with great neatness. Every grave is, in general, a flower-bed. I walked out one morning to the great cemetery of Berlin, to visit the tomb of Klaproth, which is merely a cross, and announces nothing but his name and age. Close by, an elderly looking woman, in decent mourning, was watering the flowers with which she had planted the grave of an only daughter, (as the sexton afterwards told me,) who had been interred the preceding week. The grave formed nearly a square of about five feet. It was divided into little beds, all crossed, kept with great care, and adorned with the simplest flowers. Evergreens, intermixed with daisies, were ranged round the borders, little clumps of violets and forget-me-not were scattered in the interior, and in the centre a solitary lily hung down its languishing blossom. The broken-hearted mother had just watered it, and tied it to a small stick to secure it against the wind—at her side lay the weeds which she had rooted out. She went round the whole spot again and again, anxiously pulling up every blade of grass—then gazed for a few seconds on the grave—walked towards the gate, and hurried out of the churchyard.

GLEANINGS.

Barbarous.—A barber in Nantucket heads his advertisement with the annexed corrupted couplet from Goldsmith:

"Man wants but little beard below,
Nor wants that little long."

Matrimonial advertisement in Paris.—Mad. Hendard, Rue—, is the only person in France who has fixed the attention of all by her zeal and discretion in procuring advantageous matches for those who address themselves to her. Madame H. has at present a considerable number (*une nombreuse clientèle*) of rich widows and young ladies to get married.

Dark Stories, upon dark subjects.—An overseer upon a plantation having given up the ghost, one of the poor fellows whose back had smarted under the infliction of his rod many times, while looking upon the body, exclaimed, "I'm glad!"—"What's that, you black rascal?" said his owner, who unperceived had come up behind him, "are you glad?"—"Yes, massa," said Cuffee, "I'm glad tain't I!"—*Lowell Compend.*

Fancy Articles.—The Irish seem to have an odd idea of fancy goods, at least if we are to judge by an advertisement lately inserted in a Wexford paper. This advertisement is addressed to gentlemen, clergy and freeholders, and states that "a new warehouse has been opened, where there is for sale an extensive assortment of sticks, with large knobs, expressly procured for the use of the independent electors, with every other article in the fancy line."

Extraordinary Event.—On Friday last, a gentleman having a borrowed book in possession only two years, returned it uninjured, and unsolicited, although the owner's name was not written on the title-page.—*Georgian.*

Pasteboard Roofs.—Pasteboard dipped several times in boiling tar till saturated, and then dried in the sun, is used in Holland to form the roofs of buildings, and is said, when properly nailed on and lapped, to be equal to any other covering.

BARNY'S SEA VOYAGE.

Barney O'Riordan was a fisherman of Kinsale, and a heartier fellow never hauled a net nor cast a line into deep water; indeed, Barny, independently of being a merry boy among his companions, a lover of good fun and good whiskey, was looked up to, rather, by his brother-fisherman, as an intelligent fellow, and few boats brought more fish to market than Barny O'Reiordan's; his opinion on certain points in the craft was considered law, and, in short, in his own little community, Barny was what is commonly called a leading man. Now, your leading man is always jealous in an inverse ratio to the sphere of his influence, and the leader of a nation is less incensed at a rival's triumph, than the great man of a village. If we pursue this descending scale, what a desperately jealous person the oracle of oyster-fredders and cockle-women must be. Such was Barny O'Riordan.

Seated one night at a public house, the common resort of Barny and other marine curiosities, our hero got entangled in debate with what he called a strange sail—that is to say, a man he had never met before, and whom he was inclined to treat rather magisterially on nautical subjects, at the same time that the stranger was equally inclined to assume the high hand over him, till at last the new comer made a regular break out by exclaiming, 'Ah, tare-an-ouns, lave off your bladderdash, Mr. O'Reiordan, by the powders o' war its enough, so it is, to make a dog bate his father, to hear you goin an as if you war Cullumberus or Sir Crustyphe Wran, whin every one knows the devil a farther you iver wor, nor ketchin' crabs or drudgin' oysters.'

'Who towld you that, my Watherford wondher?' rejoined Barny; 'what the dickens do you know about sayarin' farther nor fishin' for sprats in a bowl with your grandmother?'

'Oh, baithershin,' says the stranger.

'And who made you so bawld with my name?' demanded O'Reiordan.

'No matter for that,' said the stranger, 'but if you'd like for to know, sure its your cousin Molly Mullins knows me well, and maybe I don't know you and yours as well as the mother that bore you—aye, in truth; and shure I know the very thoughts o' you as will as if I was inside you, Barny O'Reiordan.'

'By my sowl thin you know better thoughts than your own, Mr. Whopper-snapper, if that's the name you go by.'

'No, its not the name I go by; I've as good a name as you're own, Mr. O'Reiordan, for want of a better, and that's O'Sullivan.'

'Treth there's more than there's good o' them,' said Barny.

'Good or bad, I'm a cousin o' your own twice removed by the mother's side.'

'And is it the Widda O'Sullivan's boy you'd be that's left this, come Candlemas four years?'

'The same.'

'Throth thin you might know better manners to your elders, though I'm glad to see you, any how, agin; but little thrawellin' puts us beyant ourselves sometimes,' said Barny, rather contemptuously.

'Throth I never bragged out o' myself yit, and its what I say that a man that's only a fishin' aff the land all his life has no business to compare, in the regard o' threactericks, wid a man that has sailed to Fingall.'

This silenced any further argument on Barny's part.—Where Fingall lay was all Greek to him; but unwilling to admit his ignorance, he covered his retreat with the usual address of his countrymen, and turned the bitterness of debate into the cordial flow of congratulation at seeing his cousin again.

The liquor was freely circulated, and the conversation began to take a different turn, in order to lead from that which had nearly ended in a quarrel between O'Reiordan and his relation.

Let us transfer our story to the succeeding morning when Barny O'Reiordan strolled forth from his cottage, rather later than usual, with his eyes bearing eye-witness to the carouse of the preceding night. He retired to a sunny nook in a neighbouring field, and stretching himself at full length, he basked in the sun, and began to 'chew the cud of sweet and bitter thought.' He first reflected on his own undoubted weight in his little community, but still he could not get over the annoyance of the preceding night, arising from his being silenced by O'Sullivan, 'the chap,' as he said himself, 'that lif the place four years ago, a brat o' a boy, and to think in his comin' back and outdoin' his elders, that saw him runnin' about the place, a gassoon, that one could tache a few months before,' 'twas too bad. Barny saw his reputation was in a ticklish position, and began to consider how his disgrace could be retrieved. The very name of Fingall, was hateful to him; it was a plague spot on his peace, that festered there incurably. What was to be done? He was in the perplexing situation, to use his own words, 'of the cat in the trap-shop,' he didn't know which way to choose. At last, after turning himself over in the sun several times, a new idea struck him. Couldn't he go to Fingall himself?—and then he'd be equal to that upstart O'Sullivan. No sooner was the thought engendered, than Barny sprang to his feet a new man; his eye brightened, his step became once more elastic, he walked erect, and felt himself to be all over Barny O'Reiordan once more.

But where was Fingall?—there was the rub. That was a profound mystery to Barny, which, until discovered, must hold him in the vile bondage of inferiority. The plain-dealing reader will say, 'couldn't he ask?' 'No, no; that would never do for Barny—that would be an open admission of ignorance his soul was above, and, consequently, Barny set his

brains to work, to devise measures of coming at the hidden knowledge by some circuitous route, that would not betray the end he was working for. To this purpose, fifty stratagems were raised and demolished in half as many minutes in the fertile brain of Barny, as he strided along the shore, and as he was working hard at the fifty-first, it was knocked all to pieces by his jostling against some one whom he never perceived was approaching him, so immersed was he in his speculations, and on looking up, who should it prove to be but his friend, 'the long sailor from the Aystern Injoes?' This was quite a god-send to Barny, and much beyond what he could have hoped for. Of all the men under the sun, the sailor was the man in a million for Barny's net at that minute, and accordingly he made a haul of him, and thought it the greatest catch he ever made in his life.

Barny and the long sailor were in close companion-ship for the remainder of the day. What the nature of their conversation during that period was, we will not dilate on—we will keep it as profound a secret as Barny himself did, and content ourselves with saying, that Barny looked a much happier man next day. It was in this agreeable spirit that Barny bent his course to the house of Peter Kelly, the owner of the 'big farm beyant,' in order to put in practice a plan he had formed for the fulfilment of his determination of rivaling O'Sullivan.

He thought it probable that Peter Kelly, being one of the 'snuggest' men in the neighbourhood, would be a likely person to join him in a 'spec,' as he called it (a favourite abbreviation of his for the word speculation) and accordingly, when he reached the 'big farm-house,' he accosted its owner with the usual 'God save you.' 'God save you kindly, Barny,' returned Peter Kelly; 'an' what is it brings you here, Barny?' asked Peter, 'this fine day, instead o' bein' out in the boat?' 'Oh, I'll be out in the boat soon enough, and its far enough too, I'll be in her; an' indeed, its partly that same is bringin' me here to yourself.'

'Why, do you want me to go along wid you, Barny?'

'Throth and I don't Mr. Kelly. You're a knowledgeable man at land, but I'm afraid its a bad bargain you'd be at say.'

'And what were you talking about me and your boat for?'

'Why, you see, Sir, it was in the regard of a little bit o' business, an' if you'd come wid me and take a turn in the praty-field, I'll be behouldin' to you, and maybe you'll hear somethin' that won't be displazin' to you.'

'An' welkin, Barny,' said Peter Kelly.

When Barny and Peter were in the 'praty-field,' Barny opened the trenches—(I don't mean the potato trenches)—but in military parlance, he opened the trenches, and laid seige to Peter Kelly, setting forth the extensive profits that had been realized by various 'specs' that had been made by his neighbours, in exporting potatoes, 'and sure,' said Barny, 'why shouldn't you do the same, and they are here ready to your hand, as much as to say, why don't you profit by me, Peter Kelly? and the boat is below there in the harbour; and I'll say this much, the devil a better boat betune this and herself.'

'Indeed I believe so, Barny,' said Peter, 'for considerin' where we stand at this present, there's no boat at all at betune us,' and Peter laughed heartily at his own hit.

'Oh! well, you know what I mane, any how, an' as I said afore, the boat's a darlin' boat; and so for him that commands her—I believe I need say nothing about that,' and Barny gave a toss of his head and a sweep of his open hand, more than doubling the laudatory nature of his comment upon himself.

But, as the Irish saying is, 'to make a long story short,' Barny prevailed on Peter Kelly to make an export—but in the nature of the venture they did not agree. Barny had proposed potatoes; Peter said there was enough of them already where he was going; and Barny rejoined that 'practices were so good in themselves, there never could be too much of them anywhere.' But Peter, being a 'knowledgeable man, and up to all the sacerets o' the airth, and understandin' the the-o-ry and the che-mis ther-y,' overruled Barny's proposition, and determined upon a cargo of scallops (which name they give to pickled mackerel) as a preferable merchandize, quite forgetting that Dublin bay herrings were a much better, and as cheap a commodity, at the command of the Fingalians.

Accordingly the boat was laden, and all got in readiness for putting to sea, and nothing was now wanting but Barny's orders to haul up the gaff, and shake out the jib of his hooker. These orders were obeyed, and the hooker soon passed to windward of a ship that left the harbour before her, but could not hold on a wind with the same tenacity as the hooker, whose qualities in this particular render them peculiarly suitable for the purposes to which they are applied—namely pilot and fishing boats.

We have said a ship left the harbour before the hooker had set sail, and it is now fitting to inform the reader that Barny had contrived, in the course of his last meeting with the 'long sailor,' to ascertain that this ship, then lying in the harbour, was going to the very place Barny wanted to reach. Barny's plan of action was decided upon in a moment; he had now nothing to do but to watch the sailing of the ship and follow in her course. Here was at once a new mode of navigation discovered.

For this purpose, he went to windward of the ship, and then fell off again, allowing her to pass him, as he did not wish even those on board the ship to suppose he was following in their wake; for Barny, like

all people that are quite full of one scheme, and fancy every body is watching them, dreaded lest any one should fathom his motives. All that day Barny held on the same course as his leader, keeping at a respectful distance, however, 'for fear 'twould look like dodging her,' as he said to himself; but as night closed in, so closed in Barny with the ship, and kept a sharp look-out that she should not give him the slip in the dark. The next morning dawned, and found the hooker and ship companions still; and thus matters proceeded for four days, during the entire of which time they had not seen land since their first losing sight of it, although the weather was clear.

'By my sowl,' thought Barny, 'the channel must be mighty wide in these parts, and for the last day or so we've been going purty free with a flowin' sheet, and I wonder we aren't closin' in wid the shore by this time; or may be its further off than I thought it was.' His companions, too, began to question Barny on the subject, but to their queries he presented an impenetrable front of composure, and said, 'it was always the best plan to keep a good bawld off.' In two days more, however, the weather began to be sensibly warmer, and Barny and his companions remarked that it was 'goin' to be the finest sayson—God bless it—that ever kem out o' the skies for many a long year, and maybe it's the whate wouldn't be beautiful, and a great plenty o' fit.' It was at the end of a week that the ship which Barny had hitherto kept a-head of him, shewed symptoms of bearing down upon him, as he thought, and, sure enough, she did, and Barny began to conjecture what the deuce the ship could want with him, and commenced inventing answers to the questions he thought it possible might be put to him in case the ship spoke to him. He was soon put out of suspense by being hailed and ordered to run under her lee, and the Captain, looking over the quarter, asked Barny where he was going?

'Faith then I'm goin' an my business,' said Barny.

'But where?' said the Captain.

'Why sure, and it's no matter where a poor man like me id be goin,' said Barny.

'Only I'm curious to know what the deuce you've been following my ship for, for the last week?'

'Folly! your ship! Why thin, blur an agers, do you think it's followin' yiz I am?'

'It's very like it,' said the Captain.

'Why, did two people never travel the same road before?'

'I don't say they didn't; but there's a great difference between a ship of 700 tons and a hooker.'

'Oh, as for that matter,' said Barny, 'the same high road serves a coach and four and a low-backed car; and the travellin' tinker an' a lord o' horseback.'

'That's very true,' said the Captain, 'but the cases are not the same, Paddy, and I can't conceive what the devil brings you here.'

'And who ax'd you to consayve any thing about it?' asked Barny, somewhat sturdily.

'Curse me if I can imagine what you're about, my fine fellow,' said the Captain, 'and my own notion is, that you don't know where the d—l you're going yourself.'

'O baithershin!' said Barny, with a laugh of derision.

'Why, then, do you object to tell?' said the Captain.

'Arrah! sure, Captain, an' don't you know that sometimes vessels is bound to sail undher saceret orders?' said Barny, endeavouring to foil the question by badinage.

There was a universal laugh from the deck of the ship, at the idea of a fishing-boat sailing under secret orders; for, by this time, the whole broadside of the vessel was crowded with grinning mouths and wondering eyes at Barny and his boat.

'Oh, it's a thrifle makes fools laugh,' said Barny.

'Take care, my fine fellow, that you don't be laughing at the wrong side of your mouth before long, for I've a notion that you're cursedly in the wrong box, as a cunning a fellow as you think yourself—your stupid head, can't you tell what brings you here?'

'Why thin, by gor, one id think the whole say belonged to you, you're so mighty bawld in axin' questions an it.' Why tare-an-ouns, sure I've as much right to be here as you, though I haven't as big a ship nor as fine a coat—but maybe I can take as good sailin' out o' the one and has as bould a heart unther the other.'

'Very well,' said the Captain, 'I see there's no use in talking to you, so go to the d—l your own way.' And away bore the ship, leaving Barny in indignation and his companions in wonder.

'And why wouldn't you tell him?' said they to Barny.

'Why, don't you see,' said Barny, whose object was now to blind them—'don't you see, how do I know, but maybe he may be goin' to the same place himself, and maybe has a cargo of scallops as well as us, and wants to get before us there?'

'Thruce for you, Barny,' said they. 'By dad you're right.' And their inquiries being satisfied, the day passed as former ones had done, in pursuing the course of the ship.

In four days more, however, the provisions in the hooker began to fail, and they were obliged to have recourse to the scallops for sustenance, and Barny then got seriously uneasy at the length of the voyage, and the still likely greater length, for any thing he could see to the contrary, and urged at last by his own alarms and those of his companions, he was enabled, as the wind was light, to gain on the ship, and when he found himself alongside, he demanded a parley with the Captain.

The Captain on hearing that the 'hardy hooker,' as she got christened, was under his lee, came on deck, and as soon as he appeared, Barny cried out—

'Why thin, blur an agers, Captain!

'Oh, you know yourself,' said Barny.

'It's well for me I do,' said the Captain.

'Thrus for you indeed, your honour,' said Barny in his most insinuating tone; 'but whin will you be at the ind o' your voyage, Captain jewel?'

'I dare say in about three months,' said the Captain.

'Oh, Holy Mother!' ejaculated Barny, 'three months—arrah it's jokin you are, Captain dear, and only want to freken me.'

'How should I frighten you?' asked the Captain.

'Why thin, your honour, to tell truth, I heered you were goin' there, and as I wanted to go there too, I thought I couldn't do better nor to fully a knowledgeable gentleman like yourself, and save myself the trouble iv findin' it out.'

'And where do you think I am going?' said the Captain.

'Why, then,' said Barny, 'isn't to Fingall?'

'No,' said the Captain, 'tis to Bengal.'

'Oh! Gog's blakey!' said Barny, 'what'll I do now at all at all?'

THE FEMALE VOYAGER'S REFLECTIONS.

O thou element, whose band
Is alone thy Maker's hand,
By thy fullness never spent,
But for Him, omnipotent!
By thy length and breadth of span,
By thy tides since time began,
By thy leavins, and, oh! more,
By thy dreid and solemn roar;
By thy depths that nought may stir,
Mighty, mighty sepulchre!—
By the ravage thou hast wrought,
By the sorrow thou hast brought
Unto human life and thought;—
Ay, by all thy power and pride,
When thou wast, and nought beside,
Save the heaven thou couldst not drown,
And the arm that kept thee down;—
Thee, I name, with spirit bent,
But for God, omnipotent!
Yet a wanderer o'er thy waves,
(Call them liquid land of graves)
Fain as feather in the breeze,
I am in my cot at ease!—
All thy dreid storms forgot,
All thy strength as it were not,
Having with thee, as a child
With its mother's pulses mild,
Looking on thy billows' sway
As that child on jambis at play;
Not a shore from east to west,
Not a fear within my breast,
And my cabin full of all
That may lessen sense of thrall;
Books, read last amid green hills
With their poetry of till;
Minatures of friends afar,
Each a fond memord star;
Birds, that singin' in their cage,
Make my ocean-heritage
Have a sound and look of hours;
Tranquill I, and happy they,
Though die salt and boomin' spray
Is around us—night and day.
Yes, but better things than these
Make me have a heart at ease;
Better even than the knowing
That our ship is swiftly gone,
With her frame and tackling good,
To the haven where we would:
Better even than the knowing
That her ruler's heart is glowing
With each brave and kindly thought
Tempered as a sailor's ought.
Yes, 'tis something more than these
Maketh home upon the seas;—
Name it, ye who know the worth
Of the nearest friend on earth;
Name it, ye who know the love
Of the nearer friend above!

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

"Of all the ground which we have thus appropriated to our wicked amusement, there is none more obvious, none more inviting, and none more repeatedly trodden, than that of the common language which even they are compelled to call English; and yet when we come gravely and calmly to consider it, there may certainly be found even here some room for debate. Before the separation we had only one common literature; and so long as England stood to North America in the relation of mother country to its dependency, she had a right to fix the standard in this matter, as in all others, which no native of the colonies ever dreamt of for a moment disputing. But, with regard to the time that has passed since the recognition of American independence, it appears doubtful whether we have any title to assert in this affair more than in others an absolute supremacy of authority. We ought to recollect that our own language has not been standing still—that the unions with Scotland first, and then with Ireland, introduced elements of change in the speech of old England, which we may regret, but which have continued and will continue to operate. We are, in truth, one of the last nations that can, as to language, pretend to have guided, or to be now guiding ourselves, by either a fixed or an adequately comprehensive standard; and many of those most choice terms and phrases, which so often entertain us as Yankeeisms, are, no doubt, of good old English stock—there preserved by accident, as many others, unknown to dictionaries, linger here also, among those classes which are removed from the influence of mixed and various intercourse. In quarreling with such as

these we have no adequate authority of our own to appeal to;—but the Americans have aspired to form—and still more they have begun to form—a literature of their own; and the nation at large has reached an extension and importance which must be allowed to give them some right over the language which they speak. What then was to happen? It could not remain precisely as it was, for that the common progress of the world renders impossible; and besides, they would even then have been, with us, not at all less obnoxious to remark for singularity and strangeness of speech. On the other hand, they could not be expected to watch and to follow alone each caprice of innovation, in word or idiom, which was adopted here. The only remaining alternative is, that they should be allowed to innovate themselves; and altho' they have sometimes exercised this right most whimsically and absurdly to our ears, still we do not very well see by what arguments or precedents we can hope to maintain that supremacy of diction, which has passed at all times, and in all like cases, with the other privileges of national independence; and which, in point of fact, may be said to have alone raised some other languages—such, for instance, as the Portuguese and the Low Dutch—above the rank of dialects."

London Quarterly Rev.

FRENCH VINEYARDS.

"It was on a glorious afternoon in July 1788, that an Englishman named Steele, landed on the banks of the Garonne, a few miles south of Bordeaux, whence he had come up on an excursion of part business, part pleasure. Steele was settled as a factor at Bordeaux, and his business was to purchase wines from the growers, and ship them to his employers in England. His occupation had brought him acquainted with almost every vine-grower within fifty leagues of Bordeaux; and in the case of one of these, Antoine Luyon, the acquaintance had ripened into a friendship. Antoine was part owner of some vineyards on the western bank of the Garonne, one of which produced claret of a singularly fine quality,—too good to command an advantageous sale at Paris, where second and third rate wines were held in nearly equal esteem as first. The produce of this small and rich vineyard was therefore set apart for English sale, and had been bargained for by the house which Steele represented, and the terms agreed upon for the vintage of the next five seasons. Other vineyards belonging to the same parties touched upon this peculiarly favoured one; but not all the care and pains that could be taken availed to make their produce better than second or third rate. Their aspect was a little more to the east and less to the south; they were not so perfectly sheltered behind, and no art could temper their soil to the exact point of perfection enjoyed by La Haute Favorite, as this distinguished vineyard was called. Their produce was, however, as valuable as most of the estates around, and was in good esteem at Paris, where Antoine's partner, his brother Charles, was settled as a wine merchant; and where he bestowed as much pains on the maturing of the stock in his cellars as Antoine did on its first ripening in the form of grapes, or their friend Steele on the processes of fining, racking, and mixing, which was carried on at his employers' depot at Bordeaux. Much care and skill were required in all these departments of business, and the young men were exemplary in both, pursuing their occupation as a matter of taste as well as of necessity. Steele watched the thermometer in his cellars as carefully as Antoine observed winds and clouds; and their common interest in the welfare of Favorite quickened their friendship, in one way among many, by occasioning more frequent meetings than they would otherwise have thought practicable. Many a trip to Bordeaux did Antoine undertake, to ascertain the effects of heat or cold on the vines in their third or fourth season; or to give the alarm if he heard rumours of buildings being pulled down or erected so near the premises as to have any influence over the temperature within; and during the summer, Steele was wont to go up the river on Saturdays, and spend the Sunday with his friend Antoine for the avowed purpose of paying his devoirs to La Favorite. There was much to tempt him to these excursions, if wine had made no part of his interest, for a fairer territory than that through which the Garonne held its course was seldom seen. There were hrefests of more picturesque growth than even those which embellished the vineyards. Interspersed with the meadows which sloped down to the river, were groves of olives and forests of chestnuts; and in due season, the almond trees put forth their pink blossoms amidst the dark shadows of the evergreen woods. Boats heavily laden with the merchandise of the Levant, brought hither by means of the grand Languedoc canal, passed down the blue and brimming river, or returned home rapidly, on the tide, and empty of all but the boatmen in their red jackets, whose snatches of song relieved the shore on the fragrant breeze. The cottages of the peasantry were indeed few, and comfortless in appearance; but the chateaux of the gentry arose here and there, not half buried in woods, like English mansions, but conspicuous on terraces, and rendered in some degree imposing by the appliances of art, which did not, however, in the eye of the Englishman, compensate for the natural attractions which a fine taste would have gathered round them. Even stone balustrades and fountains, and artificial terraces, however, as long as they were intermixed with corn-fields and olive groves, had charms for one whose residence was commonly in the city; and in process of time, he began to contemplate the chateau of the Marquis de Thon, which commanded the vicinity of Antoine's residence, with something of the admiration, though

with nothing of the awe, with which it was regarded by the peasantry round.

Whether this admiration was increased or lessened by the glimpses he occasionally obtained of its inhabitants, he could himself have hardly determined. The first time he saw the Marquis he was moved to laughter; but then the Marquis was alone (except the laquais in his rear) sitting bolt upright on his horse, with his enormous queue reaching down to the little skirts of his coat, and his large light blue eyes and pursed-up mouth giving a ludicrous mixture of vacuity and solemnity to his countenance. But when the Marquis de Thon was seen parading the terrace with his beautiful daughter, the Lady Alice, by his side, or following the sports of the field with a train of the noblesse, assembled in all the grandeur of feudal array, he who looked insignificant in his individuality gathered some advantage from the grace or splendour around him. He was regarded as the father and protector of the fair creature who seemed to tread on air within the vast circumference of her hoop, and whose eyes shone forth from beneath her enormous headress like glow-worms in a thicket; and again, the Marquis was the host of the wealthy and the gay who held sway in the land which was for ever boasting its own likeness to Paradise: so that, in time, the Marquis became mixed up with his connexions even in the mind of the Englishman; and instead of laughing, Steele learned to uncover and bow low at the approach of the great man, in the same manner as Antoine."

Miss Martineau's Illust. Polit. Econ.

HUNTING EXPLOITS.

"Many years ago, a Frenchman, with his son, was hunting in a part of Missouri, distant about forty miles from St. Louis. Having wounded a large bear, the animal took refuge in a cave, the aperture leading into which was so small as barely to admit its passage. The hunter, leaving his son without, instantly prepared to follow, and with some difficulty drew his body through the narrow entrance. Having reached the interior of the cave, he discharged his piece with so true an aim as to inflict a mortal wound upon the bear. The latter rushed forward, and passing the man, attempted to escape from the cave, but on reaching the narrowest part of the passage, through which it had entered with some difficulty, the strength of the animal failed, and it expired. The entrance to the cave was now completely closed by the carcass of the animal. The boy on the outside heard his father scream for assistance, and attempted to drag out the bear, but found his strength insufficient. After many unavailing efforts, he became much terrified, and mounted his father's horse with the determination of seeking assistance. There was no road through the wilderness, but the sagacious horse, taking the direction to St. Louis, carried the alarmed youth to that place, where a party was soon raised and despatched to the relief of the hunter. But they searched in vain for the place of his captivity. From some cause not now recollect, the trace of the horse was obliterated, and the boy in his agitation, had so far forgotten the landmarks as to be totally unable to lead them to the spot. They returned after a weary and unsuccessful search; the hunter was heard of no more, and no doubt remained of his having perished miserably in the cave. Some years afterwards, the aperture of the cavern was discovered, in a spot so hidden and so difficult of access as to have escaped the notice of those who had passed near it. Near the mouth was found the skeleton of the bear, and within the cave, that of the Frenchman, with his gun and equipments, all apparently in the same condition as when he died.—That he should have perished of hunger, from inability to effect his escape by removing the body of the bear, seems improbable, because supposing him to have been unable by main strength to effect this object, it would have cost him but little labour to have cut up and removed the animal by piecemeal. It is most likely either that he was suffocated, or that he had received some injury, which disabled him from exertion. The cave bears a name which commemorates the event.

The other circumstance to which we alluded, occurred in Monroe county, in Illinois. There are in many parts of this country, singular depressions or basins, which the inhabitants call sink-holes. They are sometimes very deep, circular at the top, with steep sides meeting in a point at the bottom, precisely in the shape of a funnel. At the bottom of one of these, a party of hunters discovered the den of a she wolf, and ascertained that it contained a litter of whelps. For the purpose of destroying the latter, they assembled at the place. On examining the entrance to the den, it was found to be perpendicular, and so narrow as to render it impossible or very difficult for a man to enter; and as a notion prevails among the mounters, that the female wolf only visits her young at night, it was proposed to send in boy to destroy the whelps. A fine, courageous boy, armed with a knife, went accordingly into the cavern, where, to his surprise, he found himself in the company of the she wolf, whose glistening eye-balls, white teeth, and surly voice, sufficiently announced her presence. The boy retreated towards the entrance, and called to his friends, to inform them that the old wolf was there. The men told him that he was mistaken; that the old wolf never staid with her young in day-light; and advised him to go boldly up to the bed, and destroy the litter. The boy, thinking that the darkness of the cave might have deceived him, returned, advanced boldly, and laid his hand upon the she wolf, who sprang upon him, and bit him very severely, before he could effect his retreat, and would probably have killed him, had he not defended himself with resolution. One or two of the

men now succeeded in effecting an entrance, torches points. The last gentleman I had was a clergyman, and he invariably, before he wrote on any subject, used to ask me which side he should take." "That clergyman was a scoundrel," was the reply; "I have no right to impose subjects upon you, and will avoid or take up any subject as you may think fit; but whatever I write upon, I shall write my honest sentiments and opinions, which are Ultra Radical." Finding this zealous a very able man, and that he was inflexible at any price, this *homme d'affaires* gave up the point, and the two papers changed at a tangent from the most ardent servility of Toryism to the most exalted abstractions of Radical utopianism. What a picture does this give of the press, that great engine of intellect and virtue which is to improve the age!

There is even a worse illustration of this point in the *Court Journal*. It has wavered oft and suddenly, under the same editor and proprietor, from Radicalism to Toryism, to Whiggism, and all other *isms*, which were likely to bring grist to the mill, or shillings and pence to the pocket, according to the calculations of the proprietor and conductor.

But there are honourable exceptions on the press to this prostitution of public principles. Mr. Thwaites, the late proprietor of the *Morning Herald*, never could be persuaded to gain money by publishing any thing which he did not conscientiously believe to be just and right. The inflexible integrity of the *Examiner*, under the Hunts, is above all praise; and the present editor is equally inflexible, and possesses more talent. The *Examiner* is the best written paper in England. The *Morning Post* has never deviated from its principles, even when the stream set the strongest against them.

We have pleasure in mentioning these honourable exceptions to literary tergiversation, which is defended on the plea that the writers consider themselves in the light of *bariters* holding a brief, and that they are bound to take up any side, and to change it as often as their illiterate and trading employers dictate. Let the excuse have its weight.

The history of the *Morning Chronicle* is the most curious illustration of all things connected with the press.

At its lowest ebb, it was bought many years ago for a trifle, by our late excellent friend, Mr. Perry. At that time, Perry was a literary adventurer from Scotland to the metropolis; and amongst the innumerable records of the goodness of his nature, is the fact of his granting an annuity to the widow of the tradesman who advanced him the money which bought the paper, and proved the foundation of his large fortune.

Perry was in every respect a man of a liberal mind and a kind heart. His conduct to every body on his establishment was considerate, indulgent, and very generous. He knew that the reporter's life was arduous, productive of ill health and premature old age, and full of temptations to dissipation and excesses.—He was therefore always full of liberality and indulgence to them; although some of his corps, in those days, often did much to try his temper and exhaust his benevolence. We never knew a man, and our recollection extends to a very long period, who excited such general esteem and attachment. He took no dirty advantages of broken sessions and equivocal engagements; nor was he ever guilty of dismissing members of his establishment fraudulently at the end of a session, after perhaps they were worn out and exhausted by its unusual length and extraordinary severity. It is useful to dwell upon such facts; for the honour and generosity of this man towards every body in his employment, so attached them to his interests, that their zeal in his service was a principal source of his affluent fortune.

Whether his successor has excited similar feelings towards himself by similar means, and whether the esteem and attachment of his establishment have been the foundation of an affluent fortune, is not for us to determine. Few things can be more useful to humanity than to illustrate and establish beyond controversy to selfish and vulgar minds, that although a long purse in a narrow market, among distressed operatives, may enable a man to sacrifice the comforts, convenience, and interests of all around him, with an *ostensible impurity*, his conduct engenders a latent tone of disposition, which silently and imperceptibly, but incessantly and irresistibly destroys his wealth, and the opportunities which justice and kindness would have created of increasing his store. On the other hand, it is refreshing to the finer feelings of honourable minds, to illustrate by such a splendid instance as Mr. Perry, that integrity and good feeling to those under your command, are productive of the sensibilities which create by exertion that fortune, which, to a rational extent, is made the source of kindness and of justice to those around you.

We could relate, were our space sufficient, innumerable anecdotes of the glorious days of Fox, of Sheridan, and Tierney, when the *Morning Chronicle* was at its zenith, under its gallant commander Perry. His *physique* was excellent, and it led to as excellent a *moral*, for after any enjoyment of nights, he was the next day free from the morose asthmallus overflowing which distress some men. We will, however, merely content ourselves with one anecdote, to show the extremely fluctuating nature of newspaper property, even when a newspaper is conducted by the most able and experienced of all conductors.

Perry had written an excellent leader, not only with all his acuteness, but it was timed with admirable tact. Its predictions were almost sure to be verified, upon every sound and rational calculation; and although those predictions were against the current of the nation's hopes and ardent wishes, still the re-

THE CONS TELLATION

sult would show the superior sagacity and penetration of the writer, in a manner to promote the character and authority of the 'Morning Chronicle.'

Perry's leading article proved the incalculable chances against our success in the war into which we had plunged. He showed the almost impossibility of our gaining a victory, and the infallible consequences of our losing the battle. Nothing could evince a sounder judgment, or a more thorough acquaintance with all the details and general principles of the case. The article was in type, and the type in the galleyes—and the writing would have appeared the next morning. At this crisis the news arrived—the battle had been fought, and Waterloo was a victory. The type was dispersed, and a congratulation upon the godsend appeared in its stead. Had the news arrived only a few hours later, it would have made the 'Morning Chronicle' the butt of all the press and of all the nation's failings—always the most cherished, infallible, and obdurate property a man can possess. Upon this accident of the hour of the arrival of the news, depended the value of the paper, to the extent of many thousand pounds, or probably much more, its utter loss. This hap hazard battle gave the country such a triumph in Toryism, that nothing could live against the enthusiasm, until that enthusiasm produced such ruin as to cause a re-action which crushed Toryism, and produced Reform. Such is the nature of newspaper property."

POLITICAL CELEBRATION AT DUBLIN.

Dublin, Monday, Jan. 7.—This morning, at ten o'clock, Messrs. O'Connell and Ruthven, M.P., took their seats at the door of the Trades' Arena, Abbey street, in a splendid wheeled car, drawn by six dappled white horses, and commenced a triumphal procession, accompanied by greater crowds than ever I recollect to have witnessed before collected in the city of Dublin. Multitudes came in from the surrounding country for several miles to join it.

O'Connell's brewery-men led the procession: then followed 260 members of the Trades, on horseback, with wands, banners, &c.; next, 75 carriages filled with the masters, wardens, &c. of the various trades of Dublin, bearing banners with mottoes and flags, with their respective arms emblazoned. Then came Messrs. Walsh and Slevin, mover and seconder of the city members; and after them the car, surmounted by two gilt chairs, on which sat the members. Mr. O'Connell was closely wrapped up in a blue cloak, and thick worsted neckcloth. He wore his travelling cap, which he seldom removed, and looked very poorly. A slight fog, which prevailed all the morning, perceptibly affected him. The immense crowd that assembled occasioned above an hour's delay in marshalling ere they started, during the greater part of which Mr. O'Connell was engaged in dispatching messengers, urging them to start. Mr. Ruthven stood with his hat off nearly the whole time, without a surtout, although the day was very raw and chilly, looking altogether a much more stout and hardy representative of the trades than his famous coadjutor. At their feet stood two young boys, in the garb of pages, waving banners bearing the harp of Ireland and "Erin go bragh." In front sat M'Loughlin, one of the best of our Irish harpers, clad in the antique costume, as the royal bard of Tara—a high yellow sugar-loaf cap on his head, a gold embroidered velvet mantle thrown over his shoulders, and his head and cheeks white with the artificial snows of age. In this guise he sat playing "Patrick's Day," and "Garryowen," while the car remained stationary, but he could not be heard "five weavers off in the crowd," as Falstaff says. When the car moved he wisely gave up his occupation. The only other personage on the car was the famous Thomas Steel, who was chosen by O'Connell as his aide-de-camp on the occasion, to despatch, if need were, on the instant, to any part of the procession where a row might occur, with his command to keep the peace, &c. "For," said O'Connell to the Trades yesterday, "Tom Steele is better known to the people, and has more influence over them than I have myself." However, Tom Steele had, as far as I have seen, no occasion to quit the car for a moment. Not the slightest accident occurred during the procession, nor did I see one drunken man take part in it.

The car was decorated behind with the painting of a large Irish harp, but the crown was separated from it by the word 'Repeal,' which surmounted the former, in large letters. After the car marched the remainder of the procession on foot, to the amount of between 3,000 and 4,000, in sections of 25, with O'Connell medals hung from ribbons of light blue, each bearing two or three banners with mottoes adopted by the respective trades.

The procession passed through the principal streets of the north side of the city to Kilmatumha gaol, where Messrs. Costello and Reynolds, president and vice-president of the Trades, were imprisoned, and marched round the gaol cheering loudly. No one, however, responded from within, as the prisoners had been locked up in their rooms by the especial orders of government all day. The procession then returned, amid the hums of the populace, through the high streets of the south side of the city to O'Connell's house in Merrion-square, where countless crowds took their leave of him.

The statue of King William in College Green is decorated with a laurel, crown, and streamers, like a member of the Trades' Union; and the house in which Lord E. Fitzgerald was taken prisoner (wounded) in 1798, is adorned with a flag, bearing the motto from Byron—

"I think I hear a little bird that sings,
The people by and by will be the stronger."

Post Office in Paris.—The functionaries employed are, a director general, three administrators, a secretary general, 680 clerks, and 360 postmen, at an annual expense of £ 802,110*l.*, the average salary of the clerks is 2,41*l.* (*or 10*m.** a year); of the postmen, 85*f.* (*or about 3*s.**) per annum. The produce of postage of letters and Parisian papers was 7,080,000, giving a clear income of about 200,000*l.* a year. The number of letters daily distributed, not including government despatches, was—provincial letters, 28,000; Parisian letters, 15,000. The number transmitted daily from Paris, exclusive of government despatches, was—of letters 60,040; newspapers 58,000. The number of travellers in the mails, in 1829, was 60,000; in 1815, only 4,000; the average of speed obtained on the roads of the first section was, in 1829, one hour nine minutes per post; in 1815, only forty-six minutes, being an increase in speed of travelling of 23 minutes. Out of the number of letters, amounting to 68,000,000, conveyed annually by the French Post-office, the remaining dead letters in 1829 were 1,106,000, a proportion of one in 63; of these 538,000 were refused 700,000 unclaimed, 182,000 to persons unknown, and 20,000 to be called for.—*Post Rest.*

The newspapers report the death, at Bath, Me. of Charles J. Donnell, aged 18, *occurred by a blow on the temple, from a snow-ball;* which ruptured a blood-vessel, and proved fatal in six hours. The missile must, we presume, have been a ball of ice, as distinguished from snow, or have contained some other more solid substance within it, to have produced such an effect.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 27th, Dr S R Childs, to Miss P A Thompson.

On the 25th, Mr Isaac S Archer, to Miss Jane Smith. On the 28th, Mr James Pirson, to Miss Emily Morris. On the 26th, Mr George Giles, to Miss Maria M Tyler.

On the 1st, Mr William Henry Titus, (of the firm of H W & W H Titus) to Miss Eliza A Mott.

On the 25th, Mr George W Wiley, to Miss Margaret Manning.

On the 27th, Mr Richard Mulholland, to Miss Mary Anderson.

On the 28th, Mr George W Barker, to Miss Jane Eliza Delamater.

On the 26th, Mr Duncan McCren, to Miss Eleanor Hall. On the 28th, Mr Benjamin N Disbrow, to Miss Sarah Haviland.

On the 25th, Mr Ed A Pybone, to Mrs Hannah Ross. On the 28th, Mr Alfred S Livingston, to Miss Justina Blackwell.

At Hackensack, N.J., on the evening of the 4th inst., by the Rev Mr Romeyn, Mr James Larkins, to Miss Cornelia, daughter of Mr H DeWeoff—all of the former place. At New Brunswick, N.J., on the 29th ult., John H Graham, Esq., of the U.S. Navy, to Miss Cornelia, daughter of the Rev Dr Milledoler.

DIED.

In this city, on the 28th, Mr Thomas Chimney, aged 45. On the 1st, Mr Luke Casey, aged 36.

On the 3d, Mr Louis Doyle, aged 56.

On the 3d, Mrs Mary Cochran.

On the 2d, Mr John Hurley, aged 49.

On the 25th, Mr William Gallagher, aged 45.

On the 27th, Mrs Elizabeth D Evers, aged 29.

On the 27th, Mrs Lucretia Hughes, aged 87.

On the 4th, Mr Benjamin Oliver, aged 53.

On the 26th, Mrs Emma E Strobel, aged 25.

On the 1st, Mrs Louisa M Howard, aged 25.

On the 26th, Mrs Ellen Marshall, aged 31.

On the 25th, Mrs Elizabeth Lamb, aged 47.

At Troy, on the 27th, Mr Harry B Dauchy, (of the firm of Nathan Dauchy & Co.) aged about 40.—On the 28th, Mr Plaut Titus, (for many years proprietor of the "Troy House") aged 49.

In London, on the 30th November, of a blister on the heel, brought on by walking, which terminated in mortification, Mrs Musgrave.

HURLEY'S—(106 Broadway)

OFFICIAL DRAWING of the New York Lottery, Extra Class No. 4, for 1833:—51 57 34 31 66 23 30 58.

I have again sold in the above, Prizes of \$1000, \$500, \$400, \$300, \$200, and several of \$100, &c.—and in Lotteries lately drawn I have sold the following splendid Prizes: 1 of \$20,000, 2 of \$10,000, 5 of \$5000, 2 of \$3260, 5 of \$2500, 2 of \$2270, 6 of \$2000, 5 of 1500, 4 of 1250, and upwards of 120 of \$1000 each, &c.

Wednesday, March 20, will be drawn New York Lottery, Extra Class No. 7 for 1833. 66 numbers—10 drawn balls. Capital Prizes—\$20,000, 5,000, 2,000, 1,500, 1,372, 1 of 1,000, 10 of 500, 10 of 300, 10 of 200, 24 of 150, 56 of 100, &c. Lowest Prize, \$6. Tickets only \$5, upwards in proportion.

In the above Scheme, I will sell a package of 22 tickets for \$99, which is \$11 less than they would amount to by the single ticket, which is warranted to draw \$51, over and above the 15 per cent discount. Shares of packages in the same proportion.

A liberal discount made to all who purchase by the package. Orders enclosing the cash or prize tickets meet the same attention as if personally applied for.

Uncount money discounted at the lowest rates. Doubloons, Sovereigns, and American Gold bought and sold.

February 7, 1833. c3m

FRENCH LEECHES, of a superior quality, for sale wholesale and retail, or applied by an experienced person, at the Drug and Chemical Store of

NATHAN B. GRAHAM, 38 Cedar, cor. Wm. st.

TOOTH WASH.—The original and genuine Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash, for cleaning and preserving the teeth and gums, and cleansing the mouth, recommended by Dr. Webster of Harvard University, by Doctors Shattuck, Shurtleff and Flint, of Boston; Doctor Sedman, of the Marine Hospital, and other gentlemen whose names appear on the wrapper of each bottle. For sale, wholesale and retail, by

RUSHTON & ASPINWALL, 81 William st,

and 110 Broadway, General Agents for this city.

The genuine Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash is prepared only by Lowe & Reed, Druggists, Boston, original inventors of the article. Attached to each bottle is the written signature of one of the firm.

Feb 7

THE CONS TELLATION

THE New York Menagerie of Wild Beasts, &c. will positively CLOSE on the 20th inst. New York, March 9, 1833.

THE attention of the public is invited to a very superior article of AROMATIC SEIDLITZ POWDERS, which upon trial will prove beyond all comparison unequalled by any now in use. The agreeable aromatic quality added to this composition, will in all seasons not only give a pleasant sensation to the most delicate stomach, but entirely prevent that feeling of chilliness so often complained of, when taking preparations of this nature in cold water. In testimony of the superior qualities and effects of the Aromatic Seidlitz Powders, I beg leave to advert to names of some of the most respectable Physicians, as seen on the wrappers of each box.

Sold wholesale and retail, at the subscriber's; and at the Drug Stores of J. B. Dodge, M. Sloane, and P. Dickey, Broadway.

J. P. CARROLL,

No. 25 John street.

* Plain Seidlitz Powders prepared as above.

MESSRS. Merchants, Captains, and Retailers, supplied on the shortest notice, and a liberal allowance made,

BOOKSELLERS, JEWELLERS, AND DEALERS IN FINE FANCY GOODS, WHO DESIRE A NEAT AND GOOD ARTICLE,

IN THIS LINE (WHICH IS ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST) FOR RETAILING, ARE INFORMED THAT THEY CAN ALWAYS PROCURE AT THE OLD STAND, A CHOICE SUPPLY OF

FINE POCKET-BOOKS, CARD-CASES, &c. From the subscriber's GREAT ASSORTMENT of 170 KINDS.

Wholesale and retail—at the lowest possible marka price—varying according to quality, from 50 cents to 40 dollars per dozen.

LOOK FOR
BUSSING & CO. Manufacturers,
71 WILLIAM-STREET,
NEW YORK.

BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

AT RIDGEFIELD, (CONN.)—By SAM'L. S. ST. JOHN, A. TERM.—For Board and Tuition for Boys under 12 years of age, \$20 per quarter; over 12, \$25. No extra charges, except for Books and Stationery.

The number of Scholars will be strictly limited to 25 and the exclusive attention of the Principal devoted to their improvement. The course of study will be adapted to the wishes of the parents or guardians of each pupil, preparatory to an admission into the Counting House or College. When left to the Principal the studies will embrace a thorough English and Commercial Education.

References—The Faculty of Columbia College, Rev. Edmund D. Barry, D.D.
Rev. William A. Clark, D.D.
Dr. William Hubbard.

Applications for admission can be made (by mail) to the Principal at Ridgefield, Fairfield Co. (Conn.) Particular information respecting the character of the School, as well as reference to patrons in the city, may be had on application to Messrs. S.C. & S. Lyons, 256 Pearl street. c3m ins. Jan. 5, 1833.

MARBLE DUST, warranted, for sale at manufacturer's price, by GEORGE D. COGGESHALL, Apothecary & Druggist, cor. of Pearl & Rose streets.

PREMIUM.—A FINE GOLD MEDAL.

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH, honored with the Diploma of the American Institute. The highest Premium, and the only one for Artificial Teeth, was awarded by the American Institute, in the City of New-York, at the late Fair, for the best Incorrputible Teeth, to Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Operative Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chamber-street, New-York.

PREMIUM INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

Ladies and gentlemen who wish to supply the loss of their teeth, in the best possible manner, are most respectfully assured, that the Premium Incorruptible Teeth manufactured and inserted by the subscriber, possess decided advantages and eminent superiority over every other kind of artificial teeth, and over all other substances used for similar purposes. They possess a highly polished and vitrified surface, most beautiful enamel, and that peculiar animated appearance which exactly corresponds with the living natural teeth. They are unchangeable in their color, and may be had in every gradation of shade, to suit any that may be remaining in the mouth—so as to elude detection notwithstanding the closest scrutiny. They are readily and easily supplied, from a single tooth through every successive number, to a full and entire set; thus restoring to all ages the healthful gratification of mastication, the pleasures of a distinct articulation and sonorous pronunciation. They are *Incorrputible!* and with their color, retain their form, solidity, durability, polish, strength and beauty, to the latest period of human existence. In point of economy, they will be found highly advantageous to the wearer; as they will outlast many successive sets of teeth ordinarily supplied. Having passed the ordeals of fire and acid, they do not, like teeth formed of animal substances, absorb the saliva or become saturated with the juices of the mouth, nor retain sticking to them particles of food, causing putridity and disgusting smell; they therefore neither offend the taste nor contaminate the breath.

The subscriber is kindly permitted to refer, if necessary, to a very great number of ladies and gentlemen of the first respectability, as well as to eminent and distinguished men of the medical faculty.

JONATHAN DODGE, M.D. L.N.H. N.Y. &c. Operative Dental Surgeon, Original and only Manufacturer and Inserter of the Genuine Premium Incorruptible Teeth—No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York.

From the unprecedented patronage which a liberal and discerning public has bestowed upon the subscriber's Imitation-human-Incorruptible Teeth, other Dentists have deemed it not unfair to appropriate the name to teeth of their procuring and inserting; and while with heartfelt gratitude the subscriber acknowledges the very gracious as well as bountiful manner with which his professional services have been received by the enlightened citizens of this great metropolis: he deems it no less his duty to caution his patrons and the public, that his Premium Incorruptible Teeth are, in this city, inserted by himself only.

Patients from abroad are also particularly cautioned against imposition of another kind, and will please to bear in mind, that the subscriber has neither BROTHER or COUSIN, nor any other relative, a dentist; that he has no connection whatever with any other office, and has never held his office at any other place in the city of New-York, than where it now is, and has been for years past.

No. 5 Chambers-st. Please recollect the Number.

SPICE BITTERS.—These Bitters have been long celebrated for their peculiar virtue, in fortifying and strengthening the stomach; they procure an appetite and help digestion, sweeten and purify the blood, remove obstructions; and are found very useful in removing the jaundice; they produce a sweetness of the breath, removing all sourish and insipid relishing, and are a great preventive against fever and agues. They are useful in all seasons of the year, but more particularly so in the Spring, by braces the fibres, and preventing that disagreeable listlessness and weakness arising so frequently from relaxation on the approach of warm weather.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by

NATHAN B. GRAHAM,

38 Cedar street, (corner of William st.)

Observe the signature of "S. G. Barely" on the stamp of each bottle—as none others are genuine.

c3m

CHRISTMAS & NEW-YEARS PRESENTS.

A MOST splendid assortment of Ladies' and Gentleman's superior POCKET-BOOKS, CARD-CASES, DRESSING-CASES, WRITING-DESKS, PORTFOLIOS, Porcelain TABLET BOOKS, &c. &c. &c. of the neatest possible manufacture, for sale by

BUSSING & CO., 704 William street,

(next door to Cohen's, 71.)

c22

For mending glass, china &c., it succeeds wonderfully, as the joints show but little. Many articles of this kind, that but for this discovery would be entirely useless, may be securely and permanently united, and become as useful as when new. The leaves of books, pasteboard, fancy articles, in tortoise shell or cabinet work, may be neatly mended with it. To prevent imitations, and bringing into disrepute the genuine article, the public are requested to observe the signature of the proprietor. W B Painter, written on the wrapper of each bottle.

RUSHTON & ASPINWALL, Druggists,

February 7 81 William street and 110 Broadway.